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ZION'S SONGSTER;
OR A COLLECTION OF
HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS,
USUALLY SUNG AT
CAMPMEETINGS AND IN REVIVALS OF RELIGION.

COMPILED BY THOMAS MASON.

"Teaching and admonishing one another in psalms, and hymns,
and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the
Lord." Colossians iii, 16.

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Southern District of New-York, ss.

BE it remembered, that on the seventh day of May, in the forty-ninth year of the Independence of the United States of America, Thomas Mason of the said district, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit:—

“Zion’s Songster ; or a Collection of Hymns and Spiritual Songs usually sung at Campmeetings, and in Revivals of Religion. Compiled by Thomas Mason. ‘Teaching and admonishing one another in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord.’” Colossians iii, 16.

JAMES DILL,
Clerk of the Southern District of New-York.

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PREFACE.

SINGING the praises of God is a most delightful and profitable part of divine worship ; and whoever, either by composition or publication, shall furnish suitable hymns and spiritual songs for that purpose, and thereby aids in spreading the praises of the Most High, does a real service to the cause of Christianity, and is an instrument of good to his fellow men. Thus have Watts, Wesley, and others, aided the devotion of thousands and tens of thousands ; and while “ singing with the spirit and with the understanding ” the praises of God our Saviour in their compositions, grace and salvation have been poured into many hearts.

It has been the object of the compiler, to present his brethren and fellow Christians with such a collection of hymns and spiritual songs, as is well calculated to promote the work of religion in the *heart and life* ; and especially, with the best of those usually sung at our campmeetings and in revivals of religion which are not found in the Methodist Hymn-book. He has also been careful to insert no

hymn from the late revised edition of that best of all publications of the kind; but has introduced one or two from the old edition that are left out of the new. The most approved of those in the Sacred Songster, compiled by Pilsbury will be found in this volume; with a large number of others obtained from various sources, which makes it the largest and best collection of the kind that he has seen. And he entertains a hope that it will be both acceptable and profitable to those for whose use it is intended.

Now, to the blessing of HIM who “doth not despise the day of small things,” and who hides the glorious truths of the gospel from the “wise and prudent” in their own eyes, “but reveals them unto babes,”—the humble and teachable; is this volume humbly commended.

And may the compiler meet all his brethren in the Lord, in the New Jerusalem, the city of the living God, to sing with them in more perfect and exalted strains than we possibly can do upon earth, “the song of Moses and of the Lamb for ever and ever—Amen.

New-York, May, 1825.

ZION'S SONGSTER.

AWAKENING AND INVITING.

HYMN 1. P. M.

1 STOP, poor sinner! stop and think,
Before you farther go!
Can you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting wo?
Hell beneath is gaping wide,
Vengeance waits the dread command;
Soon he'll stop your sport and pride,
And sink you with the damn'd.

*Then be entreated now to stop;
For unless you warning take,
Ere you are aware you'll drop
Into a burning lake.*

2 Say, have you an arm like God,
That you his will oppose?
Fear you not that iron rod
With which he breaks his foes?
Can you stand in that great day,
When he judgment will proclaim?
When the earth shall melt away
Like wax before the flame?

3 Ghastly death shall quickly come,
And drag you to the bar;
Then to hear your awful doom
Will fill you with despair:

All your sins around you 'll crowd—
 Sins of a blood-crimson die ;
 Each for vengeance crying loud,
 And what will you reply ?

4 Though your heart be made of steel,
 Your forehead lined with brass,
 God at length will make you feel,
 He will not let you pass :
 Sinners then in vain will call,
 (Tho' they now despise his grace,)
 " Rocks and mountains, on us fall,
 And hide us from his face."

5 But as yet there is a hope,
 You may his mercy know :
 Though his arm is lifted up,
 He still forbears the blow :
 'Twas for sinners Jesus died,
 Sinners he invites to come ;
 None that come shall be denied,
 He says, " There still is room."

HYMN 2. P. M.

1 WHILE angels strike their tuneful strings,
 And veil their faces with their wings,
 Each saint on earth his Jesus sings,
 And joins to praise the King of kings,
 Who saves lost souls from ruin.

2 But sinners, fond of earthly toys,
 Mock and deride, when saints rejoice :
 They shut their ears at Jesu's voice,
 And make the world and sin their choice,
 And force their way to ruin.

3 The preachers warn them night and day ;
 For them the Christians weep and pray :
 But sinners laugh, and turn away,
 And join the wicked, lewd, and gay,
 Who throng the road to ruin.

4 Ofttimes in visions of the night
 God doth their guilty souls affright ;
 They tremble at the awful sight,
 But still again with morning light
 Pursue the road to ruin.

5 Sometimes by preaching sinners see
 They 're doomed to hell and misery ;
 To turn to God they then agree,
 But O ! 'tis wicked company
 Allures their souls to ruin.

6 Ofttimes when nothing else will do,
 Affliction will their danger show,
 And bring the haughty sinners low ;
 Then they 'll repent, and pray, and vow ;
 But turn again to ruin.

7 When ev'ry way is tried in vain,
 No more the Spirit strives with man,
 But full of guilt, and fear, and pain,
 Death strikes the blow, the sinner's slain,
 And sinks to endless ruin.

8 O sinners, turn ! you long have stood
 Opposed to truth and all that 's good ;
 You may be saved through Jesu's blood :
 Lay down your arms, submit to God,
 And thus be saved from ruin.

9 Turn, sinners, neighbours, friend, or foe ?
 The terrors of the Lord we know ;
 O tell us, friends, what will you do ?
 We cannot bear to let you go
 To everlasting ruin.

HYMN 3. P. M.

1 SINNER, hear the Saviour's call,
 He now is passing by ;
 He has seen thy grievous thrall,
 And heard thy mournful cry.
 He has pardon to impart,
 Grace to save thee from thy fears,
 Lo! the love that fills his heart
 Shall wipe away thy tears.

2 Why art thou afraid to come
 And tell him all thy case ?
 He will not pronounce thy doom,
 Nor frown thee from his face ;
 Wilt thou fear Immanuel ?
 Wilt thou dread the Lamb of God,
 Who, to save thy soul from hell,
 Has shed his precious blood ?

3 Think how on the cross he hung,
 Pierced with a thousand wounds !
 Hark, from each, as with a tongue,
 The voice of pardon sounds !
 See, from all his bursting veins,
 Blood of wondrous virtue flow !
 Shed to wash away thy stains,
 And ransom thee from wo .

- 4 Though his majesty be great,
 His mercy is no less ;
 Though he thy transgressions hate,
 He feels for thy distress ;
 By himself the Lord hath sworn,
 He delights not in thy death ;
 But invites thee to return,
 That thou may'st live by faith.
- 5 Raise thy downcast eyes, and see
 What throngs his throne surround !
 These, though sinners once like thee,
 Have full salvation found :
 Yield not then to unbelief !
 While he says, " There yet is room,"
 Though of sinners thou art chief,
 Yet Jesus bids thee come.

HYMN 4. P. M.

- 1 SINNER, art thou still secure ?
 Wilt thou still refuse to pray ?
 Can thy heart or hands endure
 In the Lord's avenging day ?
 See his mighty arm made bare !
 Awful terrors clothe his brow !
 For his judgment now prepare,
 Thou must either break or bow.
- 2 At his presence nature shakes,
 Earth affrighted hastes to flee ;
 Solid mountains melt like wax,
 What will then become of thee ?
 Who his coming may abide ?
 You that glory in your shame,

- Will you find a place to hide
 When the world is wrapt in flame?
- 3 Then the great, the rich, the wise,
 Trembling, guilty, self-condemned,
 Must behold the wrathful eyes
 Of the Judge they once blasphemed ;
 Where are now their haughty looks ?
 O their horror and despair !
 When they see the opened books,
 And their dreadful sentence hear !
- 4 Lord, prepare us by thy grace
 Soon we must resign our breath,
 And our souls be called to pass
 Through the iron gate of death.
 Let us now our day improve,
 Listen to the gospel-voice ;
 Seek the things that are above ;
 Scorn the world's pretended joys.
- 5 O when flesh and heart shall fail
 Let thy love our spirits cheer,
 Strengthen'd thus, we shall prevail
 Over Satan, sin, and fear ;
 Trusting in thy precious name,
 May we thus our journey end ;
 Then our foes shall lose their aim,
 And the Judge will be our friend.

HYMN 5. P. M.

- 1 COME, poor sinners, seek salvation,
 Now embrace your precious Lord ;
 Grace, through faith, to ev'ry nation,
 Sounds the glorious gospel word.

*O glory, glory, hallelujah ;
 Glory be to God that rules on high.*

- 2 Breathe thy Spirit, blessed Jesus,
 Let it ev'ry bosom move ;
 Sinners, none but him can save us,
 Fly, embrace your Saviour's love.
- 3 Come, backsliders, though you 've pierced
 him,
 And have caused his church to mourn,
 Yet you may regain free pardon,
 If you will to him return.
- 4 And come ye, who love King Jesus,
 He attends your humble prayer :
 Now he waits with joy to crown us,
 Lo ! we feel his presence here.

HYMN 6. L. M.

- 1 I LONG to see the season come,
 When sinners will come flocking home,
 To taste the riches of God's love,
 And sing his praise in realms above.
- 2 Hark ! hear the gospel trumpet's sound,
 Inviting sinners all around ;
 Behold, your loving Saviour stands,
 And spreads for you his bleeding hands.
- 3 He now is knocking at your heart,
 Waiting salvation to impart ;
 To wash you in atoning blood,
 And seal you heirs and sons of God.
- 4 A few more days, and you must go
 To realms of joy, or endless wo ;

In worlds above with Christ to dwell ;
Or sink beneath his frowns to hell.

5 Come, sinners, all now warning take,
And all your sinful ways forsake ;
This world give o'er, leave sin behind,
In Christ you shall redemption find.

6 Take your companions by the hand,
Take all your children in a band,
And give them up at Jesu's call,
He 'll pardon, bless, and save you all.

7 When the great day of Christ shall come,
And he collects his jewels home ;
On Zion's mount we then shall stand,
And join the bright angelic band.

HYMN 7. P. M.

1 YE despisers of Jesus, I pray you draw near,
Fall down in his presence with rev'rence and
fear ; [go,
Your false-grounded pleasures a moment fore-
And hear what your Saviour hath promised
to do.

2 O come, hardened sinners ! for you he hath
died,
For you who so long have your Saviour de-
nied ;
Though vengeance pursues you to endless de-
spair,
His arms are still open, O take refuge there.

3 Come ye who are thirsty, but labour in vain,
Ye dreamers of pleasure, yet subjects of pain ;

In the presence of God there is fulness of joy;
And rivers of pleasure that never shall cloy.

4 Come, ye who are weary, and laden with wo;
Though your sins be like scarlet, he 'll make
 them as snow;

For you in Mount Zion he 's opened a pool;
Though your sins be like crimson, he 'll make
 them as wool.

5 He 'll open a fountain of life in your soul;
Through ages eternal its current shall roll;
And when earth shall perish he 'll take you
 above,
In glory to dwell in the mansions of love.

HYMN 8. P. M.

1 SEE how the Scriptures are fulfilling;
 Poor sinners are returning home:
The time that prophets were foretelling,
 With signs and wonders now is come.
The gospel trumpets now are roaring
 From sea to sea, from land to land;
God's Holy Spirit is down-pouring,
 And Christians joining heart and hand.

2 Ten thousand fall before Jehovah,
 For mercy—mercy! loud they cry;
They rise all shouting hallelujah!
 “ And glory be to God on high:”
But many cry, “ It's all disorder,”
 And disbelieve God's holy word;
But Christians sing and shout the louder,
 “ All glory, glory to the Lord.”

3 O sinners ! hear our invitation !
 You are but feeble, dying worms ;
 O fly to Jesus for salvation,
 Or you must meet God's awful storms :
 We warn you in the name of Jesus,
 The awful Judge of quick and dead ;
 But if you still refuse to hear us,
 Your blood shall be upon your head.

4 Now God is calling every nation,
 The bond and free, the rich and poor ;
 These are the days of visitation ;
 Sweet gospel grace will soon be o'er :
 The Lord shall come all clothed in thunder,
 And lightning streaming from his eye ;
 Oh ! then he'll cut his foes asunder,
 And cast them where the damned lie.

5 The sun, affrighted from his centre,
 Sinks into everlasting night ;
 The stars to shine now dare not venture,
 The moon in crimson veils her light ;
 The sea and land together burning,
 The flames ascend the melting skies ;
 All nature now to nought's returning !
 " Time is no more ! " the angel cries.

6 Now Zion, clothed in brilliant glory,
 Marches towards the dazzling throne :
 O hearken to the pleasant story :—
 When Christ his charming bride shall own !
 With smiling looks of approbation,
 He takes her to his loving arms,
 And she is filled with transportation,
 Dissolved in his heavenly charms.

HYMN 9. S. M.

- 1 DESTRUCTION's dismal road,
What multitudes pursue ;
Yet that which leads the soul to God,
Is known or sought by few.
- 2 Believers enter in
By Christ the living gate ;
While they who will not leave their sins,
Complain it is too strait.
- 3 If self must be denied,
And sin forsaken quite ;
They 'd rather choose the road that 's wide,
And strive to think it right.
- 4 Encompass'd by a throng,
On numbers they depend,
So many surely can't be wrong,
And miss a happy end.
- 5 But numbers are no mark,
That men will right be found ;
But few were saved in Noah's ark,
And many millions drown'd.
- 6 Obey the gospel call,
And enter while you may :
The flock of Christ was always small,
And none are saved but they.
- 7 They always were despised
By men who do oppose ;
And sinners never think them wise,
When they with mercy close.

HYMN 10. P. M.

- 1 How lost was my condition
Till Jesus made me whole ;
There is but one physician
Can cure a sin-sick soul :
Next door to death he found me,
And snatch'd me from the grave
To tell to all around me
His wond'rous power to save.
- 2 The worst of all diseases
Is light, compared to sin ;
On every part it seizes,
But rages most within :
'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
And madness all combined ;
And none but a believer
The least relief can find.
- 3 From men great skill professing,
I sought a cure to gain ;
But this proved more distressing,
And added to my pain.
Some said that nothing ailed me,
Some gave me up for lost ;
Thus every refuge failed me,
And all my hopes were cross'd.
- 4 At length this great physician
(How matchless is his grace)
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case :
First gave me sight to view him,
For sin mine eyes had seal'd ;

'Then bade me look unto him ;
I look'd, and I was heal'd.

- 5 A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by an eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death.
Come, then, to this Physician,
His help he 'll freely give ;
He makes no hard condition—
'Tis only look and live.

HYMN 11. P. M.

1 AWAKED by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in guilt and thrall I found,
I knew not what to do ;
O'erwhelmed with guilt, with anguish slain,
The sinner must be born again,
Or sink in endless wo.

2 Amazed I stood, but could not tell,
Which way to shun the gates of hell,
For death and hell drew near ;
I strove indeed, but strove in vain ;
The sinner must be born again,
Still sounded in my ear.

3 Then to the law I trembling fled,
It poured its curses on my head,
I no relief could find ;
This fearful truth I found remain,
The sinner must be born again,
O'erwhelmed my troubled mind.

4 Again did Sinai's thunder roll,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast unwieldy load :

Alas ! I heard and found it plain,
The sinner must be born again,
Or drink the wrath of God.

5 The saints I heard with rapture tell,
How Jesus conquered death and hell
And broke the fowler's snare ;

But when I found this truth remain,
The sinner must be born again,
I sunk in deep despair.

6 While thus my soul in anguish lay,
Jesus of Naz'reth passed that way,
I felt his pity move :

The sinner by his justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

7 To heaven the joyful tidings flew,
The angels tuned their harps anew,
And loftier sounds did raise :

All hail the Lamb that once was slain,
Unnumbered millions born again,
Shall shout thy endless praise.

HYMN 12. P. M.

1 My days, my weeks, my months, my years,
Fly rapid as the whirling spheres
Around the steady pole ;

Time, like the tide, its motion keeps,
And I must launch through endless deeps,
Where endless ages roll.

2 The grave is near the cradle seen,
 How swift the moments pass between,
 And whisper as they fly,
 "Unthinking man, remember this,
 Though fond of sublunary bliss,
 That you must groan and die."

3 My soul, attend the solemn call,
 Thine earthly tent must shortly fall,
 And thou must take thy flight,
 Beyond the vast expansive blue,
 To sing above as angels do,
 Or sink in endless night.

4 How great the bliss, how great the wo,
 Hangs on this inch of time below,
 On this precarious breath :
 The Lord of nature only knows,
 Whether another year shall close,
 Ere I expire in death.

5 Long ere the sun shall run his round,
 I may be buried under ground,
 And there in silence rot :
 Alas ! an hour may close the scene ;
 And ere twelve months shall roll between,
 My name be quite forgot.

6 But will my soul be thus extinct,
 And cease to live, and cease to think ?
 It cannot, cannot be ;
 No, my immortal cannot die,
 What wilt thou do, or whither fly,
 When death shall set thee free.

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And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast unwieldy load :

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 And cease to live, and cease to think ?
 It cannot, cannot be ;
 No, my immortal cannot die,
 What wilt thou do, or whither fly,
 When death shall set thee free.

7 Will mercy then her arms extend,
 Will Jesus be thy guardian friend,
 And heaven thy dwelling place ;
 Or shall insulting fiends appear,
 And drag thee down to dark despair,
 Below the reach of grace ?

8 A heaven or hell, and these alone,
 Beyond the present life are known ;
 There is no middle state :
 To-day attend the call divine,
 To-morrow may be none of thine,
 Or it may be too late.

9 O do not pass this as a dream,
 Vast is the change, whate'er it seem,
 To poor unthinking man :
 Lord at thy footstool I would bow,
 Bid conscience plainly tell me now,
 What it would tell me then.

10 If in destruction's road I stray ;
 Help me to choose the better way
 That leads to joys on high ;
 Thy grace impart, my guilt forgive,
 Nor let me ever dare to live,
 So as I dare not die.

HYMN 13. C. M.

1 AFFLICTIONS, though they seem severe,
 In mercy oft are sent ;
 They stopp'd the prodigal's career,
 And caused him to repent.

2 Although he no relentings felt
 Till he had spent his store,
 His stubborn heart began to melt
 When famine pinched him sore.

3 "What have I gained by sin," he said,
 "But hunger, shame and fear?
 My father's house abounds with bread,
 While I am starving here.

4 "I'll go and tell him all I've done,
 Fall down before his face :
 Unworthy to be called his son,
 I'll seek a servant's place."

5 His father saw him coming back :
 He saw, and ran, and smiled ;
 Then threw his arms around the neck
 Of his rebellious child.

6 "Father I've sinn'd, but O forgive"—
 "Enough," the father said ;
 "Rejoice, my house, my son's alive,
 For whom I mourn'd as dead.

7 "Now let the fatted calf be slain,
 Go spread the news around,—
 My son was dead, but lives again ;
 Was lost, but now is found."

8 'Tis thus the Lord his love reveals,
 To call poor sinners home ;
 More than a father's love he feels,
 And welcomes all that come.

HYMN 14. P. M.

- 1 HARK ! hark, what sounds are those so
pleasing !
Sinners, wipe the falling tear ;
'Tis love divine and never ceasing,
Flows from Jesus to the ear.
- 2 " Come unto me all ye that labour ;
Sinners, heavy laden come ;"
None are more welcome to the Saviour
Than the wretched and undone.
- 3 Let not the weight of sin distress you,
Cease to heave the plaintive sigh ;
A hearty welcome now awaits you ;
" Come, and you shall never die."
- 4 Come, ye sinners, come and wonder
How such mercy you withstood ;
Parch'd with thirst, and starved with hunger,
Sate now your souls with good.
- 5 If by sin and sore temptation,
Heavy laden and oppress'd,
Behold the gracious invitation,
" Come and I will give you rest."
- 6 No longer let the tempter keep you
Fast in chains of unbelief ;
Though late in life, the word assures you,
Christ could save the dying thief.
- 7 Mary Magdalen too can witness
To the mercy she received :
Then doubt no longer of your fitness—
Saul, of sinners chief, believed.

8 Ho ! all ye sinners, heavy laden,
 Fly to Christ, the Saviour's breast ;
 Receive the pressing invitation,
 " Come, and I will give you rest."

HYMN 15. P M.

- 1 COME, and taste along with me
 The weary pilgrim's consolation ;
 Boundless mercy running free,
 The earnest of complete salvation.
 Joy and peace in Christ I find,
 My heart to him is all resigned ;
 The fulness of his power I prove,
 And all my soul's dissolved in love.
 Jesus is the pilgrim's portion,
 Love is boundless as the ocean.
- 2 When the world and flesh would rise,
 And strive to draw me from my Saviour,
 Strangers slight, or friends despise,
 I then more highly prize his favour.
 Friends, believe me when I tell,
 If Christ be present all is well :
 The world and flesh in vain may rise,
 I all their efforts do despise.
 In the world I've tribulation,
 But in Christ I've consolation.
- 3 Worldlings hold me in disdain,
 Because I shun their carnal pleasure ;
 All in this which gives me pain
 Is, that they slight a noble treasure.
 But still among them, bless the Lord !
 There's some who tremble at his word ;

And this doth joy to me impart,
 To think the Lord hath reach'd their heart.
 O the grace to sinners given,
 Peace on earth, and crowns in heaven.

4 When I'm in the house of prayer,
 I find him with the congregation :
 Music sweet unto my ear,
 Is the glad sound of free salvation.
 When I join to sing his praise,
 My heart in holy raptures raise ;
 I join, and sing, and shout aloud,
 And disregard the gazing crowd :
 Glorious theme of exultation,
 What I feel is past expression.

5 When I hear the pleasing sound
 Of weeping mourners just converted,
 The dead's alive, the lost is found ;
 The Lord hath heal'd the broken hearted.
 My heart exults, my spirits glow,
 I love my Lord and brethren so :
 Oh, had I wings like Noah's dove,
 I soon would sing with those above.
 Glory, honour, and salvation,
 What I feel is past expression.

6 Why should I regard the frowns
 Of those who mock, deride, or slight me,
 Soon I'll lie beneath the ground,
 Beyond the reach of those who hate me :
 Sorrows, toils, and sufferings o'er,
 When once we reach that happy shore ;
 There, with the shining hosts above,
 I'll sing and shout redeeming love.

Blessings there, beyond expression,
Ever roll in sweet succession.

7 Sinners, you may laugh and scorn ;
Your moments lost will be lamented ;
The awful day is hastening on,
When you will wish you had repented :
Death in its embraces cold,
Will soon your mortal bodies hold ;
Then all your pleasures take their flight,
And down you 'll sink to endless night ;
While you 're of that guilty number,
Your destruction doth not slumber.

8 Fellow sinner, go with me ;
My heart 's enlarged to receive you ;
Slight not mercy offer'd free,
Come to Jesus, he 'll relieve you :
But if you offer'd grace refuse,
And will destruction ever choose ;
Unhappy soul, your guilt and blood,
Will rest on your defenceless head :
Darkness, torment, pain, and sorrow,
May be yours before to-morrow.

9 Mourner, see your Saviour stand,
With arms expanding to receive you ;
He spreads for you his bleeding hands,
Venture on him, he 'll relieve you :
Cast all your doubts and fears aside,
The door of mercy 's open wide ;
The fountain flows which saves from sin ;
Come now, believe, and enter in.
Don't distrust your blessed Saviour :
Come, believe, and live for ever.

HYMN 16. P. M.

- 1 On the brink of fiery ruin,
Justice, with a flaming sword,
Was my guilty soul pursuing,
When I first beheld my Lord.
- 2 Terrified with Sinai's thunder,
Straight I flew to Calvary,
Where I saw with love and wonder,
Him by faith, who died for me.
- 3 "Sinner," he exclaimed "I've loved thee
With an everlasting love;
Justice has in me approved thee:
Thou shalt dwell with me above."
- 4 Sweet as angels' notes in heaven
When to golden harps they sound,
Is the voice of sins forgiven,
To the soul by Satan bound.
- 5 Sweet as angels' harps in glory
Was that heavenly voice to me,
When I saw my Lord before me,
Bleed and die to set me free!
- 6 Saints, attend with holy wonder!
Sinners, hear and sing his praise:
'Tis the God that holds the thunder,
Shows himself the God of grace.

PENITENTIAL.

HYMN 17. S. M.

- 1 BESIDE the gospel pool,
Appointed for the poor,
From year to year my helpless soul
Has waited for a cure.
- 2 How often have I seen
The healing waters move,
And others round me stepping in,
Their efficacy prove.
- 3 But my complaints remain,
I feel the very same,
As full of guilt, and fear, and pain,
As when at first I came.
- 4 O would the Lord appear,
My malady to heal;
He knows how long I've languish'd here,
And what distress I feel.
- 5 How often have I thought,
Why should I longer lie?
Surely the mercy I have sought
Is not for such as I.
- 6 But whither can I go?
There is no other pool,
Where streams of sov'reign virtue flow
To make a sinner whole.
- 7 Here then, from day to day,
I'll wait, and hope, and cry;
Can Jesus hear a sinner pray,
Yet suffer him to die?

8 No, he is full of grace,
 He never will permit
 A soul that fain would see his face,
 To perish at his feet.

HYMN 18. L. M.

1 AH ! give me, Lord, my sins to mourn,
 My sins which have thy body torn ;
 Give me with broken heart to see
 Thy last tremendous agony.

2 O could I gain the mountain's height,
 And gaze upon that bleeding sight !
 O that, like Salem's daughters, I
 Could stand and see my Saviour die !

3 I 'd smite upon my breast and mourn,
 And never from his cross return :
 I 'd weep o'er an expiring God,
 And mix my tears with Jesu's blood.

4 One precious drop, Lord Jesus, grant ;
 One precious drop is all I want ;
 One precious drop of thy rich blood,
 Will make me cry " My Lord, my God."

HYMN 19. L. M.

1 BE merciful, O God, to me,
 Thy mercy is my only plea ;
 Look with compassion on my woes,
 And let not judgment interpose.

2 Guilty before thy face I stand,
 And fear thy sin-avenging hand ;
 Hell is my just desert, I own,
 But mercy pleads before thy throne.

3 Mercy, through Jesus crucified,
I ask, and can I be denied?
Mercy, O God—I ask no more;
Thrust not my soul from mercy's door.

4 O God, as powerful as just,
In thee, in thee alone I trust;
Vain does the help of man appear,
Vain is the help of angels here!

5 Nothing will give my spirit rest,
Till sov'reign mercy makes me blest:
Behold, I faint beneath thy frown;
O send thy pardoning mercy down.

HYMN 20. P. M.

1 GRACIOUS Lord, incline thine ear,
My request vouchsafe to hear,
Hear my never-ceasing cry,
Give me Christ, or else I die.

2 Wealth and honour I disdain,
Earthly comforts, Lord, are vain,
These can never satisfy,
Give me Christ, or else I die.

3 Lord deny me what thou wilt,
Only save me from my guilt;
Suppliant at thy feet I lie,
Give me Christ, or else I die.

4 All unholy and unclean,
I am nothing else but sin;
On thy mercy I rely,
Give me Christ, or else I die.

- 5 Thou dost freely save the lost,
 In thy grace alone I trust:
 With my earnest suit comply,
 Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 6 Thou hast promised to forgive
 All who in thy Son believe;
 Lord, I know thou can'st not lie,
 Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 7 Father, dost thou seem to frown?
 Give me shelter in thy Son;
 Jesus, to thine arms I fly,
 Come, and save me, or I die.

HYMN 21. P. M.

- 1 If ever pity moved thee,
 Thou glorious Sun of Righteousness;
 If ever saints have proved thee,
 A sure relief in deep distress;
 O breathe thy loving Spirit,
 Thyself to me, O Christ, impart,
 And give me to inherit
 Thy kingdom form'd within my heart.
- 2 By Satan oft deceived,
 Drawn from the path of righteousness,
 Thy Spirit oft I've grieved,
 And brought upon me sore distress;
 But as thy great compassion
 Extends to all the fallen race,
 In faith for thy salvation
 I humbly look through sov'reign grace.
- 3 Here like apostate Peter,
 My tears I shed, and make my moan;

Pity thy faithless creature,

Dear Lord, and break my heart of stone.
Accept of my petition,

Thy pardon to my soul reveal,
Thou great, thou good Physician,
Hear, and my wounded spirit heal.

4 All glory to the Saviour,
Who shed for me his precious blood,
I feel I'm in his favour,
That I am his, and he's my God.
Much he hath me forgiven,
Much, while on earth, O may I love,
Then find my way to heaven,
And join the blood-wash'd throng above.

5 There through the starry regions,
To sound aloud Redeeming Grace,
And with celestial legions,
With joy proclaim my Maker's praise.
There, free from pain and sadness,
I'll shout and sing for evermore,
Where all is joy and gladness,
On that eternal, happy shore.

HYMN 22. P. M.

1 KING of Salem, bless my soul !
Make a wounded sinner whole !
King of righteousness and peace,
Let not thy sweet visits cease !

2 Come ! refresh this soul of mine
With thy sacred bread and wine !
All thy love to me unfold,
Half of which cannot be told.

3 Hail, Melchizedek divine !
 Thou great High Priest shalt be mine :
 All my powers before thee fall,
 Take not tithe, but take them all.

HYMN 23. P.M.

1 WHEN Joseph his brethren beheld,
 Afflicted and trembling with fear ;
 His heart with compassion was fill'd,
 From weeping he could not forbear.
 A while his behaviour was rough,
 To bring their past sin to their mind ;
 But when they were humbled enough,
 He hasted to show himself kind.

2 How little they thought it was he,
 Whom they had ill treated and sold !
 How great their confusion must be,
 As soon as his name he had told !
 " I am Joseph, your brother," he said,
 " And still to my heart you are dear ;
 You sold me, and thought I was dead,
 But God, for your sakes, sent me here."

3 Though greatly distressed before,
 When charged with purloining the cup :
 They now were confounded much more,
 Not one of them durst to look up.
 " Can Joseph, whom we would have slain,
 Forgive us the evil we did ?
 And will he our household maintain ?
 O this is a brother indeed !"

4 Thus, dragg'd by my conscience, I came,
 And laden'd with guilt, to the Lord ;

Surrounded with terror and shame,
 Unable to utter a word :
 At first he look'd stern and severe,
 What anguish then pierced my heart ;
 Expecting each moment to hear
 The sentence, " Thou cursed, depart !"

5 But oh ! what surprise when he spoke,
 While tenderness beam'd in his face ;
 My heart then to pieces was broke,
 O'erwhelm'd and confounded by grace :
 " Poor sinner, I know thee full well,
 By thee I was sold and was slain ;
 But I died to redeem thee from hell,
 And raise thee in glory to reign.

6 " I am Jesus, whom thou hast blasphemed,
 And crucify'd often afresh :
 But let me henceforth be esteem'd
 Thy brother, thy bone, and thy flesh :
 My pardon I freely bestow,
 Thy wants I will fully supply ;
 I'll guide thee and guard thee below,
 And soon will remove thee on high.

7 " Go publish to sinners around,
 That they may be willing to come,
 The mercy which now you have found,
 And tell them that yet there is room."
 O sinners, the message obey !
 No more vain excuses pretend ;
 But come without further delay,
 To Jesus, our Brother, and Friend.

HYMN 24. C. M.

- 1 COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve :
Come with your guilt and fear oppress'd,
And make this last resolve :—
- 2 I 'll go to Jesus, though my sins
Have like a mountain rose ;
I know his courts, I 'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.
- 3 “ Prostrate I 'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess :
I 'll tell him I 'm a wretch undone,
Without his sov'reign grace.
- 4 “ I 'll to my gracious king approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives,
Perhaps he may command a touch,
And then the suppliant lives.
- 5 “ Perhaps he may admit my plea,
Perhaps he 'll hear my prayer,
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.
- 6 “ I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try,
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die.

HYMN 25. P. M.

- 1 ARISE, my tenderest thoughts, arise ;
To torrents melt my streaming eyes ;

And thou, my heart, with anguish feel
Those evils which thou canst not heal.

2 See human nature sunk in shame ;
See scandals poured on Jesu's name ;
The Father wounded through the Son ;
The word abused, the soul undone.

3 See the short course of vain delight
Closing in everlasting night ;
In flames that no abatement know,
Though briny tears for ever flow.

4 My God, I feel the mournful scene ;
My bowels yearn o'er dying men ;
And fain my pity would reclaim,
And snatch the firebrands from the flame,

5 But feeble my compassion proves,
And can but weep where most it loves ;
Thy own all-saving arm employ,
And turn these drops of grief to joy.

CRUCIFIXION AND ATONEMENT.

HYMN 26. L. M.

1 STRETCH'D on the cross the Saviour dies,
Hark ! his expiring groans arise !
See, from his hands, his feet, his side,
Runs down the sacred crimson tide !

2 But life attends the deathful sound,
And flows from ev'ry bleeding wound ;
The vital stream how free it flows,
To save and cleanse his rebel foes !

- 3 And didst thou bleed,—for sinners bleed !
 And could the sun behold the deed ?
 No ; he withdrew his shining ray,
 And darkness veil'd the mourning day.
- 4 Can I survey this scene of wo,
 Where mingling grief and wonder flow,
 And yet my heart unmoved remain,
 Insensible to love or pain ?
- 5 Come, dearest Lord, thy grace impart,
 To warm this cold, unfeeling heart ;
 Till all its powers and passions move,
 In melting grief, and ardent love.

HYMN 27. C. M.

- 1 From whence these dire portents around,
 Which heaven and earth amaze ?
 Wherefore do earthquakes cleave the ground ?
 Why hides the sun his rays ?
- 2 Well may the earth astonish'd shake,
 And nature sympathize !
 The sun, as darkest night, be black !
 Their Maker, Jesus, dies !
- 3 Behold, fast streaming from the tree,
 His all-atoning blood !
 Is this the Infinite ? 'tis he,
 My Saviour and my God !
- 4 For me these pangs his soul assail,
 For me this death is borne ;
 My sins gave sharpness to the nail,
 And pointed every thorn.

- 5 Let sin no more my soul enslave,
Break, Lord, its tyrant chain ;
O save me, whom thou cam'st to save,
Nor bleed, nor die in vain !

HYMN 28. P. M.

Tune—Leander.

- 1 BEHOLD, the Saviour lies
Hard by where Kedron's waters roll ;
And in sad anguish cries,
“ The powers of death surround my soul ! ”
Through every pore exudes the blood
That washes out our stains :
His griefs and fears dry up our tears,
His stripes assuage our pains.
- 2 Hark ! hear his doleful prayer,
“ O Father, let this cup remove ;
In this dread moment spare
The Son of thine eternal love—
Nay—but I 'll bear thy wrath severe,
The bitter cup receive :
Wring out the dregs—bear all its plagues,
A dying world to save.”
- 3 The guiltless victim stands,
With lamb-like patience at the bar,
'Midst impious heathen bands,
Who wait his tender flesh to tear.
A crown of thorns his brow adorns,
Mock royalty he wears ;
Nor turns his face from foul disgrace.
Nor hands that pluck the hairs.

- 4 In furrows deep and wide
 His sacred back the scourges tear,
 While scoffing foes deride,
 Nor friends his dreadful anguish share.
 With furious yells the tumult swells,
 All with loud voices cry,
 "Let him not live : the robber save,
 But Jesus crucify."
- 5 Lo ! on the accursed tree
 He struggles with death's awful pains !
 In dreadful agony
 The absence of his God complains.
 His latest prayer his murd'ers share ;
 Then to his God he cries,
 "The work is done ; receive thy Son ;"
 And bows his head and dies.
- 6 But death could not retain
 The Lord of life and glory long ;
 He bursts the dark domain,
 And drags in chains the vanquish'd throng ;
 Bright glory now adorns his brow,
 Angels before him fall,
 With mortals sing, and praise our King,
 And own him LORD OF ALL.

HYMN 29. L. M.

- 1 WHEN on the cross my Lord I see,
 Bleeding to death for wretched me,
 Satan and sin no more can move,
 For I am all transformed to love.
- 2 His thorns and nails pierce through my heart ;
 In every groan I bear a part ;

I view his wounds with streaming eyes ;
But see ! he bows his head and dies !

3 Come, sinners, view the Lamb of God,
Wounded, and dead, and bathed in blood !
Behold his side, and venture near,
The well of endless life is here.

4 Here I forget my cares and pains ;
I drink, yet still my thirst remains ;
Only the Fountain Head above
Can satisfy the thirst of love.

5 O that I thus could always feel !
Lord, more and more thy love reveal ;
Then my glad tongue shall loud proclaim
The grace and glory of thy name.

6 Thy name dispels my guilt and fear,
Revives my heart, and charms my ear ;
Affords a balm for every wound,
And Satan trembles at the sound.

HYMN 30. P. M.

1 In evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear ;
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopp'd my wild career.

2 I saw One hanging on a tree
In agonies and blood :
Who fix'd his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

3 Sure, never to my latest breath
Can I forget that look ;

It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

4 My conscience felt, and own'd the guilt,
And plunged me in despair ;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail him there.

5 Alas ! I knew not what I did ;
But now my tears are vain :
Where shall my trembling soul be hid ?
For I the Lord have slain.

6 A second look he gave, which said,
" I freely all forgive ;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I 'll die that thou may'st live."

7 Thus, while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue ;
(Such is the mystery of grace)
It seals my pardon too.

8 With pleasing grief and mournful joy
My spirit now is fill'd,
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by him I kill'd.

HYMN 31. C. M.

1 I SING my Saviour's wondrous death ;
He conquer'd when he fell :
'Tis finish'd, said his dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell.

CHORUS.

*Glory, honour, praise, and power
Be unto the Lamb for ever ;
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer,
Hallelujah, praise the Lord.*

2 'Tis finish'd, our Immanuel cries,
 The dreadful work is done :
 Hence shall his sovereign throne arise,
 His kingdom is begun.

3 His cross a sure foundation laid
 For glory and renown ;
 When through the regions of the dead
 He pass'd to reach the crown.

4 Exalted at his Father's side,
 Sits our victorious Lord ;
 To heaven and hell his hands divide
 The vengeance and reward.

5 The saints from his propitious eye
 Await their several crowns ;
 And all the sons of darkness fly
 The terror of his frowns,

HYMN 32. P. M.

1 JESUS, while he dwelt below,
 As divine historians say,
 To a place would often go ;
 Near to Kedron's brook it lay :
 In this place he loved to be,
 And 't was named *Gethsemane*.

2 Full of love to man's lost race,
 On this conflict much he thought ;
 This he knew the destined place,
 And he loved the sacred spot.
 Therefore 't was he liked to be
 Often in *Gethsemane*.

3 Came at length the dreadful night ;
 Vengeance with its iron rod
 Stood, and with collected might
 Bruised the harmless Lamb of God.
 See, my soul, thy Saviour see,
 Sorrowing in *Gethsemane*.

4 View him in that *olive-press*,
 With anguish wrung, till 'whelm'd in blood !
 View the Maker's deep distress !
 Hear the sighs and groans of God !
 Then reflect what sin must be,
 Gazing on *Gethsemane*.

5 There my God bore all my guilt :
 This through grace can be believed ;
 But the horrors which he felt
 Are too vast to be conceived :
 None can penetrate through thee,
 Doleful, dark *Gethsemane*.

6 Sins against a holy God—
 Sins against his righteous laws—
 Sins against his love, his blood—
 Sins against his name and cause—
 Sins immense as is the sea :
 Hide me, O *Gethsemane* !

7 Saviour, all the stone remove
 From my flinty frozen heart :
 Thaw it with the beams of love—
 Pierce it with a blood-dipt dart :
 Wound the heart that wounded thee :
 Melt me in *Gethsemane*.

HYMN 33. C. M.

- 1 **THEE** we adore, Eternal Word,
The Father's equal Son :
By heaven's obedient hosts adored,
Ere time its course begun.
- 2 The first creation has display'd
Thine energy divine ;
For not a single thing was made
By other hands than thine.
- 3 But ransom'd sinners with delight
Sublimer facts survey—
The all-creating Word unites
Himself to dust and clay.
- 4 See the Redeemer clothed in flesh,
And ask the reason, " Why ?"
The answer fills my soul afresh,
To suffer, bleed, and die.
- 5 Creation's Author now assumes
A creature's humble form ;—
A man of grief and wo becomes,
And trod on like a worm.
- 6 The Lord of glory bears the shame
To vile transgressors due ;
Justice the Prince of Life condemns
To die in anguish too.
- 7 God over all, for ever blest,
The righteous curse endures ;
And thus to souls with sin distress'd
Eternal bliss ensures.

8 What wonders in thy person meet,
 My Saviour all divine!
 I fall with rapture at thy feet,
 And would be wholly thine.

HYMN 34. P. M.

1 Saw ye my Saviour! Saw ye my Saviour!
 Saw ye my Saviour and God?
 Oh! he died on Calvary, to atone for you
 and me,
 And to purchase our pardon with blood.

2 He was extended! he was extended!
 Shamefully nail'd to the cross;
 Oh! he bow'd his head and died! thus my
 Lord was crucified,
 To atone for a world that was lost.

3 Jesus hung bleeding! Jesus hung bleeding!
 Three dreadful hours in pain;
 Oh! the sun refused to shine, when his ma-
 jesty divine
 Was derided, insulted, and slain.

4 Darkness prevailed! darkness prevailed!
 Darkness prevail'd o'er the land;
 Oh! the solid rocks were rent through crea-
 tion's vast extent,
 When the Jews crucified the God-man.

5 When it was finish'd, when it was finish'd,
 And the atonement was made,
 He was taken by the great, and embalm'd in
 spices sweet,
 And in a new sepulchre laid.

6 Hail, mighty Saviour! hail, mighty Saviour!
 Prince and the author of peace,
 Oh! he burst the bands of death, and triumph-
 ant through the east
 He ascended to mansions of bliss.

7 Now interceding! now interceding!
 Pleading that sinners may live;
 Crying, Father, I have died! O behold my
 hands and side,
 To redeem them; I pray thee forgive.

8 I will forgive them, I will forgive them,
 If they 'll repent and believe;
 Let them now return to me, and be reconciled
 to thee,
 And salvation they all shall receive.

HYMN 35. P. M.

1 As near to Calvary I pass,
 Methinks I see a bloody cross,
 Where a poor victim hangs;
 His flesh with rugged irons tore,
 His limbs all dress'd in purple gore,
 Gasping in dying pangs.

2 Surprised the spectacle to see,
 I ask'd who can this victim be,
 In such exquisite pain?
 Why thus consign'd to woes, I cried,
 "Tis I," the bleeding God replied,
 "To save a world from sin."

3 A God for rebel mortal dies !

How can it be ! my soul replies,

What ! Jesus die for me !

"Yes," saith the suff'ring Son of God,

"I give my life, I spill my blood,

"For thee, poor soul, for thee."

4 Lord, since thy life thou 'st freely given

To bring my wretched soul to heaven,

And bless me with thy love ;

Then at thy feet, O God, I'll fall,

Give thee my life, my soul, my all,

To reign with thee above.

HYMN 36. L. M.

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross

On which the Prince of glory died,

My richest gain I count but loss,

And pour contempt on all my pride ?

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,

Save in the death of Christ, my God :

All the vain things that charm me most,

I sacrifice them to thy blood.

2 See from his head, his hands, his feet,

Sorrow and love flow mingled down :

Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,

Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,

That were a present far too small :

Love so amazing, so divine,

Demands my soul, my life, my all.

PRAYER AND SUPPLICATION.

HYMN 37. C. M.

- 1 **APPROACH**, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer,
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh,
Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely press'd,
By wars without and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.
- 4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
That shelter'd near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him thou hast died.
- 5 O wondrous love! to bleed and die!
To bear the cross and shame!
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.
- 6 Poor tempest-tossed soul be still,
My promised grace receive;
'Tis Jesus speaks, I must, I will,
I can, I do believe.

HYMN 38. P. M.

- 1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer ;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.
- 2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring,
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin—
Lord, remove this load of sin ;
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 4 Lord, I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast ;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.
- 5 As the image in the glass,
Answers the beholder's face :
Thus unto my heart appear,
Print thine own resemblance there.
- 6 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer ;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.
- 7 Show me what I have to do ;
Every hour my strength renew ;
Let me live a life of faith ;
Let me die thy people's death.

HYMN 39. P. M.

1 **NAY**, I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow ;
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine 's an urgent, pressing case.

2 Dost thou ask me who I am !
Ah ! my Lord, thou know'st my name ;
Yet the question gives a plea
To support my suit with thee.

3 Thou didst once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold,
Scorn thy grace, thy power defy ;
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.

4 Once a sinner near despair
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer ;
Mercy heard, and set him free ;
Lord, that mercy came to me.

5 Many years have pass'd since then,
Many changes I have seen,
Yet have been upheld till now ;
Who could hold me up but thou ?

6 Thou hast help'd in every need,
This emboldens me to plead ;
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last ?

7 **No**—I must maintain my hold,
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold :
I can no denial take,
When I plead for Jesu's sake.

HYMN 40. P. M.

1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,
 Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain ;
 All will come to desolation
 Unless thou visit us again.

CHORUS.

*Lord, revive us, Lord revive us,
 All our help must come from thee.*

2 Keep no longer at a distance,
 Shine upon us from on high ;
 Lest, for want of thine assistance,
 Every plant should droop and die.

3 Surely, once thy garden flourish'd,
 Every part look'd gay and green ;
 Then thy word our spirits nourish'd ;
 Happy seasons we have seen !

4 But a drought has since succeeded,
 And a sad decline we see ;
 Lord, thy help is greatly needed ;
 Help can only come from thee.

5 Where are those we counted leaders,
 Fill'd with zeal, and love, and truth ?
 Old professors, tall as cedars,
 Bright examples for our youth !

6 Some, in whom we once delighted,
 We shall meet no more below ;
 Some, alas ! we fear are blighted,
 Scarce a single leaf they show.

7 Younger plants—the sight how pleasant !
 Cover'd thick with blossoms stood ;

But they cause us grief at present,
Frosts have nipp'd them in the bud.

8 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again ;
O permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain !

9 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers ;
Let each one esteem'd thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares.

10 Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh ;
And begin from this good hour
To revive thy work afresh.

HYMN 41. P. M.

1 LET thy kingdom, blessed Saviour,
Come and bid our jarrings cease ;
Come, O come ! and reign for ever,
God of Love, and Prince of Peace ;
Visit now poor bleeding Zion,
Here the people mourn and weep ;
Day and night thy lambs are crying,
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

2 Some for Paul, some for Apollos,
Some for Cephas—none agree ;
Jesus, let us hear thee call us,
Help us, Lord, to follow thee ;
Then we'll rush through what encumbers,
Over every hind'rance leap ;

Not upheld by force or numbers,
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

3 Lord, in us there is no merit,
We 've been sinners from our youth ;
Guide us, Lord, by thy good Spirit,
Which shall teach us all the truth.
On thy gospel word we 'll venture,
'Till in death's cold arms we sleep,
Love our Lord, and Christ our Saviour,
O good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

4 Come, good Lord, with courage arm us,
Persecution rages here—
Nothing, Lord, we know can harm us,
While our Shepherd is so near.
Glory, glory, be to Jesus,
At his name our hearts do leap ;
He both comforts us and frees us,
The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

5 Hear the Prince of our salvation
Saying, " Fear not, little flock ;
I, myself, am your Foundation,
You are built upon this Rock.
Shun the paths of vice and folly,
Scale the mount, although it 's steep ;
Look to me, and be ye holy ;
I delight to feed my sheep."

6 Christ alone, whose merit saves us,
Taught by him, we 'll own his name ;
Sweetest of all names is Jesus !
How it doth our souls inflame !

Glory, glory, glory, glory,
 Give him glory, he will keep,
 He will clear our way before us,
 The good Shepherd feed his sheep.

HYMN 42. L. M.

- 1 ENCOMPASS'D with clouds of distress,
 Just ready all hope to resign,
 I pant for the light of thy face,
 And fear it will never be mine :
 Dishearten'd with waiting so long,
 I sink at thy feet with my load ;
 All plaintive I pour out my song,
 And stretch forth my hands unto God.
- 2 Shine, Lord, and my terror shall cease,
 The blood of atonement apply,
 And lead me to Jesus for peace,
 The Rock that is higher than I.
 Speak, Saviour ! for sweet is thy voice ;
 Thy presence is fair to behold ;
 Attend to my sorrows and cries,
 My groanings that cannot be told.
- 3 If sometimes I strive as I mourn,
 My hold of thy promise to keep,
 The billows more fiercely return,
 And plunge me again in the deep.
 While harass'd and cast from thy sight,
 The tempter suggests with a roar,
 " The Lord has forsaken thee quite ;
 Thy God will be gracious no more."

4 Yet, Lord, if thy love hath design'd
 No covenant blessing for me,
 Ah, tell me, how is it I find
 Some pleasure in waiting for thee.
 Almighty to rescue thou art ;
 Thy grace is my shield and my tower ;
 Come, succour and gladden my heart,
 Let this be the day of thy power.

HYMN 43. L. M.

1 WHAT various hind'rances we meet
 In coming to the mercy-seat ;
 Yet who that knows the worth of prayer
 But wishes to be often there ?

2 Prayer makes the darkest clouds withdraw ;
 Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw ;
 Gives exercise to faith and love,
 Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight ;
 Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright,
 And Satan trembles when he sees
 The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Have you no words ? ah, think again ;
 Words flow apace when you complain,
 And fill your fellow creatures' ears
 With the sad tale of all your cares.

5 Were half the time thus vainly spent,
 To heaven in supplication sent ;
 Our cheerful songs would oftener be
 " Hear what the Lord hath done for me."

HYMN 44. C. M.

- 1 DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.
- 2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.
- 3 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
And shall I seek in vain?
And can the ear of sov'reign grace
Be deaf when I complain?
- 4 No, still the ear of sov'reign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer;
O may I ever find access
To breathe my sorrows there.
- 5 Thy mercy-seat is open still;
Here let my soul retreat;
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

HYMN 45. L. M.

- 1 GOD of my life, to thee I call,
Afflicted, at thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail!
- 2 Friend of the friendless and the faint!
Where should I lodge my sad complaint?

Where but with thee? whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor!

3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not thy word still fix'd remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain?

4 That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst thou not hear and answer prayer;
But a prayer-hearing, answering God,
Supports me under ev'ry load.

5 Fair is the lot that's cast for me,
I have an advocate with thee;
They whom the world caresses most
Have no such privilege to boast.

6 Poor tho' I am, despis'd, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

HYMN 46. P. M.

1 THOU great mysterious God of love,
I feel thy drawing from above,
And own thy matchless power;
Help me on earth to do thy will,
And all thy pleasure to fulfil;
On me thy blessings shower.

2 If now by grace myself I see
Most miserable without thee,
On thee, my God, I call;

Let heavenly fire consume my dross,
That I all things may count but loss
For thee, my God, my all.

3 O keep me from the snares of vice,
Impart to me true heav'nly joys,
Descending from above ;
To me thy dying love reveal,
And no good thing from me conceal,
Till all I am is love.

HYMN 47. C. M.

1 "MERCY, O thou Son of David!"
Thus poor blind Bartimeus pray'd ;
"Others by thy grace are saved :
Now vouchsafe to me thine aid :"
While he cried many chid him,
But he pray'd the louder still,
Till the gracious Saviour bid him
"Come, and ask me what you will."

2 Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging used to live :
But he ask'd, and Jesus granted,
Alms which none but he could give.
"Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
Let my eyes behold the day ;"
Straight he saw, and, won by kindness,
Follow'd Jesus in the way.

3 Now methinks I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around,

“ Friends, is not my case amazing !
 What a Saviour I have found !
 O that all the blind but knew him,
 And would be advised by me !
 Surely, they would come unto him ;
 He would cause them all to see.

4 Now I freely leave my garments,
 Follow Jesus in the way ;
 He will guide me by his counsel ;
 Lead me to eternal day :
 There I shall behold my Saviour,
 Spotless, innocent, and pure ;
 And with him shall reign for ever,
 If I to the end endure.”

HYMN 48. P. M.

1 O THOU in whose presence my soul takes
 delight,
 On whom in affliction I call ;
 My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
 My hope, my salvation, my all. [sheep
 Where dost thou at noontide resort with thy
 To feed on the pasture of love ?
 For why in the valley of death should I weep,
 Or alone in the wilderness rove ?

2 O why should I wander an alien from thee,
 And cry in the desert for bread ?
 My foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
 And smile at the tears I have shed.
 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have ye seen
 The Star that on Israel shone ?

Say, if in your tents my beloved has been,
And where with his flocks he is gone?

3 This is my beloved, his form is divine,
His vestments shed odours around; [vine
The locks on his head are as grapes on the
When autumn with plenty is crown'd;
The roses of Sharon, the lilies that grow
In the vales on the banks of the streams,
On his cheeks in the beauty of excellence blow,
And his eyes are as quivers of beams.

4 His voice as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard through the shadows of death;
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
The air is perfumed with his breath.
His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
That waters the garden of grace;
From which their salvation the Gentiles shall
know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.

5 Love sits in his eyelids, and scatters delight
Through all the bright mansions on high:
Their faces the cherubim veil in his sight,
And tremble with fulness of joy.
He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word;
He speaks—and eternity, fill'd with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of her Lord.

6 His vestments of righteousness who shall
describe!
Its purity words would defile:

The heavens from his presence fresh beauties
 imbibe,
 And earth is made rich by his smile.
 Such is my beloved in excellence bright,
 When pleased he looks down from above ;
 Like the morn when he breathes from the
 chambers of light,
 And comforts his people with love.

Part Second.

- 1 But when arm'd with vengeance,
 In terror he comes
 The nations rebellious to tame,
 The reins of Omnipotent
 Power he assumes,
 And rides in a chariot of flame.
- 2 A two-edged sword
 From his mouth issues forth,
 Bright quivers of fire are his eyes ;
 He speaks, and black tempests
 Are seen in the north,
 And storms from their caverns arise.
- 3 Ten thousand destructions,
 That wait for his word,
 And ride on the wings of his breath,
 Fly swift as the wind
 At the nod of their Lord,
 And deal out the arrows of death.
- 4 His cloud-bursting thunders
 Their voices resound
 Through all the vast regions on high ;

Till from the deep centre
 Loud echoes rebound,
 And meet the quick flame in the sky.

5 The portals of heaven
 At his bidding obey,
 And expand ere his banner appear ;
 Earth trembles beneath,
 'Till her mountains give way,
 And hell shakes her fetters with fear.

6 When he treads on the clouds
 As the dust of his feet,
 And grasps the big storm in his hand ;
 What eye the fierce glance
 Of his anger shall meet,
 Or who in his presence shall stand ?

HYMN 49. S. M.

1 HUNGRY, and faint, and poor,
 Behold us, Lord, again,
 Assembled at thy mercy's door,
 Thy bounty to obtain.

2 Thy word invites us nigh,
 Or we should starve indeed,
 For we no money have to buy,
 No righteousness to plead.

3 The food our spirits want
 Thy hand alone can give :
 Oh ! hear the prayer of faith, and grant
 That we may eat and live.

HYMN 50. P. M.

- 1 COME, thou long expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free ;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee.
- 2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art ;
Dear desire of ev'ry nation,
Joy of ev'ry longing heart.
- 3 Born thy people to deliver ;
Born a child, and yet a King ;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.
- 4 By thine own eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone ;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

HYMN 51. P. M.

- 1 WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shall
come,
To call thy ransom'd people home,
Shall I among them stand ?
Shall such a wretched worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand ?
- 2 I love to meet among them now,
Before thy gracious feet to bow,
Though vilest of them all ;

But can I bear the piercing thought,
 What if my name should be cast out,
 When thou shalt for them call!

3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace,
 Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding place
 In this accepted day ;
 Thy pard'ning voice O let me hear,
 To still my unbelieving fear,
 Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Let me among thy saints be found,
 When the archangel's trump shall sound,
 To see thy smiling face :
 The loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
 While heaven's resounding music rings
 With shouts of loudest praise.

HYMN 52. P. M.

1 DEAR Jesus ! here comes and knocks at thy
 door,
 A beggar for crumbs, distressed and poor,
 Blind, lame, and forsaken, all roll'd in his blood,
 At last overtaken when running from God.

2 To ask children's bread I dare not presume,
 But, Lord, to be fed with fragments I come ;
 Some crumbs from thy table O let me obtain,
 For lo ! thou art able my wants to sustain.

3 I own I deserve no favour to see,
 So long did I swerve and wander from thee,
 Till brought by affliction my follies to mourn ;
 Now under conviction to thee I return.

4 For since thou hast said, thou 'lt cast away
none

Who fly to thine aid as sinners undone ;
Now, Lord, I am come as condemned to die,
And on this sweet promise I humbly rely.

5 I cannot depart, dear Jesus, nor yield,
Till my poor heart feels this promise fulfill'd,
That I may for ever a monument be,
To praise the dear Saviour of sinners like me.

HYMN 53. P. M.

1 JESUS! thou art the sinner's Friend,
As such I look to thee ;
Now in the bowels of thy love,
O Lord! remember me.

2 Remember thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary ;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God!
I yield myself to thee ;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
O Lord! remember me.

4 I own I 'm guilty, own I 'm vile,
Yet thy salvation 's free ;
Then, in thy all abounding grace,
O Lord! remember me.

5 Howe'er forsaken or distress'd,
Howe'er oppress'd I be ;

Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
Do thou remember me.

6 And when I close my eyes in death,
And creature helps all flee;
Then, O my great Redeemer, God !
I pray, remember me.

HYMN 54. P. M.

1 ENCOURAGED by thy word
Of promise to the poor,
Behold a beggar, Lord,
Waits at thy mercy's door :
No hand, no heart, O Lord ! but thine,
Can help or pity wants like mine.

2 The beggar's usual plea,
Relief from men to gain,
If offer'd unto thee,
I know thou would'st disdain :
But those which move thy gracious ear
Are such as men would scorn to hear.

3 I have no right to say,
That though I now am poor,
Yet once there was a day
When I possessed more ;
Thou knowest from my very birth
I've been the poorest wretch on earth.

4 Nor dare I to profess,
As beggars often do,
Though great is my distress,
My faults have been but few ;

If thou shouldst leave my soul to starve,
It would be what I should deserve.

5 Nor dare I to pretend
I never begg'd before ;
And if thou now befriend
I'll trouble thee no more :
Thou often hast relieved my pain,
And often I must come again.

6 Though crumbs are much too good
For such a wretch as I,
No less than children's food
My soul can satisfy :
O do not frown and bid me go,
I must have all thou canst bestow.

7 Nor can I willing be
Thy bounties to conceal
From others, who like me
Their wants and hunger feel ;
I'll tell them of thy mercy's store,
And try to send ten thousand more.

8 Thy ways, thou only wise,
Our ways and thoughts transcend,
Far as the arched skies
Above this earth extend ;
Such pleas as mine *men* would not hear,
But God receives the beggar's prayer.

HYMN 55. C. M.

1 As Jacob did in days of old,
So will my soul do now ;

Wrestle, and on my Jesus hold,
Nor will I let him go.

2 Like Jacob, I am weak and faint,
And overwhelm'd with wo ;
Lord ! hear and pity my complaint,
For I 'll not let thee go.

3 I come, encouraged by thy word,
That mercy thou wilt show ;
Except thou bless me, gracious Lord !
I will not let thee go.

4 I come to ask forgiveness free,
Though I have been thy foe ;
Except thou grant it, Lord ! to me,
I will not let thee go.

5 I come to open all my wounds,
My sorrows and my wo ;
Except thy healing grace abounds,
I will not let thee go.

6 I come to tell thee all my fears,
And conflicts here below ;
Except thy mercy, Lord ! appears,
I will not let thee go.

7 I come, thy promises to plead,
Where love and mercy flow ;
Except thou bless thy word indeed,
I will not let thee go.

8 I come to give thee this vile heart,
Which sin has mangled so ;
Except salvation thou impart,
I will not let thee go.

- 9 I come to claim thee as my own,
And all things else forego ;
Except thou grant me this sweet boon,
I will not let thee go.
- 10 I come to ask for all thy love,
And all thou canst bestow ;
Except these blessings, Lord ! I prove,
I will not let thee go.
- 11 Thus will I wrestle while I live
A pilgrim here below ;
And when in glory I arrive
I will not let thee go.

HYMN 56. C. M.

- 1 O for a breeze of heavenly love,
To waft my soul away
To the celestial world above,
Where pleasures ne'er decay.
- 2 Eternal Spirit deign to be
My pilot here below,
To steer through life's tempestuous sea,
Where stormy winds do blow.
- 3 From rocks of pride on either hand,
From quicksands of despair ;
O guide me safe to Canaan's land,
Through ev'ry latent snare.
- 4 Anchor me in that port above,
On that celestial shore,
Where dashing billows never move,
Where tempests never roar.

HYMN 57. S. M.

- 1 O WHY should unbelief
Stay the Almighty's hand,
That hand which holds my sure relief,
Though earth and hell withstand.
- 2 My soul, believe and pray,
Without a doubt believe,
Whate'er we ask in God's own way,
We shall in truth receive.
- 3 Here stands the promise fair,
For God cannot repent :
To fervent persevering pray'r,
He'll every blessing grant.

HYMN 58. P. M.

- 1 SHOW me the souls to doubt exposed,
To such this question is proposed :
Ask, saith the Lord, and let me know
What I shall now on thee bestow.
- 2 Say, what thy wants, and what thy woes ?
Dost thou in me thy trust repose ?
Art thou my friend, sincerely true ?
Speak, for thy springs of thought I view.
- 3 Art thou to seriousness inclined ?
Ask, and I'll solemnize thy mind :
Dost thou want love to Jesu's name ?
Ask, and his matchless love proclaim.
- 4 Dost thou want peace and pardon seal'd ?
Ask, for they wait to be reveal'd :

Dost thou want faith and holy fear ?
Ask, and behold the blessings near.

5 Dost thou want strength 'gainst sin to fight ?
Ask, and I 'll make thee strong in might :
Dost thou want light and life divine ?
Ask, and eternal life is thine.

6 Wilt thou be made completely whole ?
Ask, and I 'll renovate thy soul :
This instant ask, arise and pray,
Nor lose such blessings by delay.

REJOICING AND PRAISE.

HYMN 59. L. M.

- 1 Our Lord is risen from the dead,
Sweetly the tidings strike mine ears ;
He bruised the wily serpent's head,
And banishes his people's fears.
- 2 He lives, no more to weep and sigh,
No more to shed his precious blood,
No more to bow his head and die,
Nor bear the dreadful wrath of God.
- 3 Exalted now above the sky,
And seated on his Father's throne,
He pleads for sinners such as I,
And sends the promised Spirit down.
- 4 Salvation to our fallen race,
An unexhausted fountain flows ;
Come, sinners, taste his pard'ning grace,
And wash away your guilty woes.

- 5 His voice the drooping mourner cheers ;
 His smile revives the fainting soul,
 Dries up the weeping sinner's tears,
 And makes the wounded spirit whole.
- 6 He now his people's cause defends,
 And will their every want supply ;
 His ear their softest prayer attends,
 Nor fails to notice ev'ry sigh.
- 7 Ye ransom'd souls exalt his name ;
 Let every heart with rapture swell,
 And ev'ry human tongue proclaim
 " That Jesus hath done all things well."
- 8 Thou too, my soul, shalt have thy lays,
 And mingle with the blood-wash'd throng,
 Where all their sweet employ is praise,
 And love divine inspires the song.

HYMN 60. C. M.

- 1 COME, let us lift our joyful eyes
 Up to the court above,
 And smile to see our Father there
 Upon a throne of love.
- 2 Once 'twas a seat of dreadful wrath,
 And quick devouring flame ;
 Our God appear'd consuming fire,
 And vengeance was his name.
- 3 Rich were the drops of Jesu's blood
 That calm'd his frowning face ;
 That sprinkled o'er the burning throne,
 And turn'd the wrath to grace.

- 4 Now we may bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord ;
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
Nor double flaming sword.
- 5 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are open'd by the Son ;
We 'll raise our highest notes of praise,
To reach th' Almighty throne.
- 6 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high :
And glory to th' eternal King,
That lays his fury by.

HYMN 61. S. M.

- 1 PREPARE a thankful song
To the Redeemer's name !
His praises should employ each tongue,
And ev'ry heart inflame !
- 2 He laid his glory by,
And dreadful pains endured,
That rebels such as you and I,
From wrath might be secured.
- 3 Upon the cross he died,
Our debt of sin to pay :
The blood and water from his side
Wash guilt and filth away.
- 4 And now he pleading stands
For us, before the throne,
And answers all the law's demands,
With what Himself hath done.

- 5 The Holy Ghost he sends
 Our stubborn souls to move ;
 To make his enemies his friends,
 And conquer them by love.
- 6 The world and Satan rage,
 But he their power controls ;
 His wisdom, love, and truth, engage
 Protection for our souls.
- 7 Though press'd, we will not yield,
 But shall prevail at length ;
 For Jesus is our sun and shield,
 Our righteousness and strength.
- 8 Assured that Christ our King
 Will put our foes to flight,
 We on the field of battle sing,
 And triumph, while we fight.

HYMN 62. L. M.

- 1 LORD, what is man ? extremes how wide
 In this mysterious nature join !
 The flesh to worms and dust allied,
 The soul immortal and divine.
- 2 Divine at first, a holy flame,
 Kindled by the Almighty's breath ;
 Till stain'd by sin, it soon became
 The seat of darkness, strife, and death.
- 3 But Jesus, oh amazing grace !
 Assumed our nature as his own ;
 Obey'd and suffer'd in our place,
 Then took it with him to his throne.

- 4 Now, what is man, when grace reveals
 The virtue of a Saviour's blood ;
 Again a life divine he feels,
 Despises earth, and walks with God.
- 5 And what in yonder realms above
 Is ransom'd man ordain'd to be ?
 With honour, holiness, and love,
 No seraph more adorn'd than he.

HYMN 63. L. M.

- 1 WE 'VE found the Rock, the trav'lers cried,
O Halle, Hallelujah.
 The Stone that all the prophets tried ;
O Halle, Hallelujah.
 Come, children, drink the balmy dew,
O Halle, Hallelujah.
 'T was Christ that shed his blood for you,
O Halle, Hallelujah.
- 2 This costly mixture cures the soul,
 Which sin and guilt had made so foul ;
 O that you would believe in God,
 And wash in Christ's most precious blood.
- 3 O hearken, children ! Christ is come,
 The bride is ready, let us run ;
 I 'm glad I ever saw this day,
 That we might meet to praise and pray.
- 4 There's glory, glory in my soul ;
 Come, mourners, feel the current roll ;
 Welcome, dear friends, 'tis heaven to-night,
 It shines around with dazzling light.

5 And in this light we 'll soar away,
Where there's no night, but endless day,
O children, children! bear the cross,
And count the world below as dross.

6 We 'll bear the cross, and wear the crown,
And by our Father's side sit down;
His grace will feed our hungry souls,
While love divine eternal rolls.

7 His fiery chariots make their way,
To welcome us to endless day;
There glitt'ring millions we shall join,
To praise the Prince of David's line.

HYMN 64. P. M.

1 COME, saints and sinners, hear me tell
The wonders of Immanuel,
Who saved me from a burning hell,
And brought my soul with him to dwell,
And gave me heavenly union.

2 When Jesus saw me from on high,
Beheld my soul in ruin lie;
He look'd on me with pitying eye,
And said to me, as he pass'd by,
"With God you have no union."

3 Then I began to weep and cry;
And look'd this way and that, to fly,
It grieved me so that I must die;
I strove salvation for to buy;
But still I had no union.

4 But when I hated all my sin,
 My dear Redeemer took me in,
 And with his blood he wash'd me clean ;
 And oh ! what seasons I have seen
 Since first I felt this union.

5 I praised the Lord both night and day,
 And went from house to house to pray,
 And if I met one on the way,
 I found I 'd something still to say
 About this heavenly union.

6 I now with saints can join to sing,
 And mount on faith's triumphant wing,
 And make the heavenly arches ring
 With loud hosannas to our King,
 Who brought our souls to union.

7 O come, backsliders, come away,
 And mind to do as well as say,
 And learn to watch as well as pray,
 And bear your cross from day to day ;
 And then you 'll feel this union.

8 We soon shall leave all things below,
 And quit these climes of pain and wo,
 And then we 'll all to glory go,
 And then we 'll see, and hear and know,
 And feel a perfect union.

9 Come, heaven and earth, unite your lays,
 And give to Jesus endless praise ;
 And oh my soul, look on and gaze !
 He bleeds, he dies, your debt he pays,
 To give you heavenly union.

10 Oh could I, like an angel, sound
 Salvation through the earth around,
 The devil's kingdom to confound ;
 I'd triumph on Immanuel's ground,
 And spread this glorious union.

HYMN 65. P. M.

1 WE soon shall break all nature's ties,
 On wings of love our souls shall rise,
 And shout salvation through the skies,
 And win the mark, and gain the prize,
 And feel a blessed union.

2 And when we reach the blissful plains
 Where love divine immortal reigns,
 We 'll bid adieu to all our pains,
 And join the sweet angelic strains,
 In one eternal union.

3 There we shall see as we are seen,
 Without a dimming veil between ;
 And not a cloud shall intervene,
 But all is pleasant and serene
 In climes of perfect union.

4 There we shall reign eternally,
 And praise the Lamb that sets us free,
 Who groan'd and died upon the tree,
 That we might his salvation see,
 And feel this blessed union.

5 Almighty God, each heart and tongue
 To thee shall raise a glorious song ;
 All praises to thy name belong :
 Let Zion sing, thy kingdom come,
 And fill the world with union.

6 And when the final trump shall sound,
 And wake the nations under ground,
 Our souls and bodies shall obey,
 And fly to everlasting day ;
 Then sweet will be this union.

7 Divisions then will all be o'er,
 And party spirit reign no more :
 The church triumphant will be pure,
 And all God's people dwell secure
 Where none can break their union.

HYMN 66. C. M.

- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear !
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the troubled breast :
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear name ! the Rock on which I build ;
 My shield and hiding-place ;
 My never-failing treasury, fill'd
 With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 By thee my prayers acceptance gain,
 Although with sin defiled ;
 Satan accuses me in vain,
 And I am own'd a child.
- 5 Jesus ! my shepherd, husband, friend,
 My prophet, priest, and king ;
 My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
 Accept the praise I bring.

- 6 Weak is the effort of my heart
 And cold my warmest thought ;
 But when I see thee as thou art,
 I 'll praise thee as I ought.
- 7 Till then I would thy love proclaim
 With every fleeting breath :
 And may the music of thy name
 Refresh my soul in death.

HYMN 67. L. M.

- 1 HAIL, God the Father, glorious light !
 Hail, God the Son, my soul's delight !
 Hail, Holy Ghost, eternal Three !
 My anthem through eternity.
- 2 Ye glitt'ring orbs around the skies,
 But speak his glories in disguise :
 Your silent language ne'er can tell
 The wisdom of Immanuel.
- 3 Tall mountains, that becloud the sky,
 With all the hills that round you lie,
 While time endures you ne'er can tell
 The grandeurs of Immanuel.
- 4 Ye trembling seas, with dismal roar.
 Whose billows sound from shore to shore,
 Your thund'ring language ne'er can tell
 The power of Immanuel.
- 5 Ye worlds on worlds, with all your throng,
 Through every clime extend your song ;
 A guilty world 's preserved from hell
 By Christ the King Immanuel.

6 Behold him leave his Father's throne.
Behold him bleed, and hear him groan :
Death's iron chain would fail to tell
The strength of King Immanuel.

7 Behold him take his ancient seat,
And millions bowing at his feet ;
He conquer'd all the hosts of hell,
Yes, glory to Immanuel.

8 His fame shall spread from pole to pole,
While glory rolls from soul to soul ;
The Gospel now goes forth to tell
The love of King Immanuel.

9 While I am singing of his name
My soul begins to feel the flame ;
I 'm full, I 'm full, but ne'er can tell
The glory of Immanuel.

10 I long to hear the trumpet sound,
And see his glories blaze around :
Then will I shout, and sing, and tell,
Redemption through Immanuel.

11 Ten thousand thousand in the throng ;
Ten thousand thousand join the song ;
All saved from a gaping hell,
Give glory to Immanuel.

12 My soul's transported with his charms ;
I long to lie in Jesu's arms—
My loving brethren, all farewell,
I go to meet Immanuel.

HYMN 68. P. M.

1 SAVIOUR, I do feel thy merit,
 Sprinkled with redeeming blood ;
 And my weary troubled spirit
 Findeth rest in thee my God.
 I am safe, and I am happy,
 While in thy dear arms I lie :
 Sin and Satan cannot harm me
 While my Saviour is so nigh.

CHORUS.

*Glory, glory, glory, glory, glory be to God on high,
 Glory, glory, glory, glory; sing his praises round the sky,
 Glory, glory, glory, glory, glory to the Father give,
 Glory, glory, glory, glory, sing his praises all that live,*

2 Now I 'll sing of Jesu's merit,
 Tell the world of his dear name,
 That if any want his Spirit,
 He is still the very same ;
 He who asketh soon receiveth ;
 He who seeks is sure to find ;
 Who of comfort is bereaved,
 Jesus never casts behind.

*Glory, glory, glory, glory, glory to Christ of heavenly birth,
 Glory, glory, glory, glory, sing his praises round the earth :
 Glory, glory, glory, glory, glory to the Spirit be ;
 Glory, glory, glory, glory; praise the sacred One in Three.*

3 Now our Advocate is pleading
 With his Father and our God ;
 Now for us he's interceding ;
 Pleads the purchase of his blood.
 Now methinks I hear him praying,
 " Father, spare them, I have died ;"

And the Father answers, saying,
 " They are freely justified."

*Worthy, worthy, worthy, worthy, worthy is the Lamb of God,
 Worthy is the blessed Saviour, who hath bought us with his
 blood,*

Holy, holy, holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts.

Holy, holy, holy, holy, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN 69. C. M.

- 1 LEGION was my name by nature,
 Satan raged within my breast.
 Never misery was greater,
 Ne'er a sinner more possess'd :
 Mischievous to all around me,
 To myself the greatest foe ;
 Thus I was, when Jesus found me
 Fill'd with madness, sin, and wo.
- 2 Yet in this forlorn condition,
 When he came to set me free,
 I replied to my Physician,
 " What have I to do with thee ?"
 But he would not be contented—
 Waits the promise to fulfil ;
 Had he not my soul prevented,
 I had been a sinner still.
- 3 " Satan, though thou fain wouldst have it,
 Know, this soul is none of thine ;
 I have shed my blood to save it,
 Now I challenge it for mine :
 Though it long hath thee resembled,
 Henceforth it shall me obey :"
 Thus he spoke, while Satan trembled,
 Gnash'd his teeth, and fled away.

- 4 Thus my frantic soul he healed,
 Bid my sins and sorrows cease ;
 " Take," said he, " my pardon sealed,
 I have saved thee, go in peace :"
 Rather take me, Lord, to heaven,
 Now thy love and grace I know ;
 Since thou hast my sins forgiven,
 Why should I remain below ?
- 5 " Love," said he " will sweeten labour—
 You have something more to do ;
 Go, and tell your friends and neighbours
 What my love has done for you :
 Live to manifest my glory,
 Wait for heaven a little space ;
 Sinners, when they hear thy story,
 Will repent and seek my face."

HYMN 70. P. M.

- 1 HARK, my soul, it is the Lord,
 'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word ;
 Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee :
 " Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?
- 2 " I deliver'd thee when bound,
 And when wounded, heal'd thy wound ;
 Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
 Turn'd thy darkness into light.
- 3 " Can a mother's tender care
 Cease towards the child she bare ?
 Yes, she may forgetful be,
 Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 " Mine is a redeeming love,
 Higher than the heights above,

Deeper than the depths beneath ;
Free, and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done ;
Partner of my throne shalt be,
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me !"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint :
Yet I love thee, and adore ;
Oh for grace to love thee more !

Part Second.

1 "WHEN beneath God's righteous frown,
I beheld thee sinking down,
Then I laid my glories by,
And to save thy soul did die.

2 "I was nail'd upon the tree,
Drank the bitter cup for thee,
And the dreadful curse did bear,
That thou might'st my glories share.

3 "When for thee hell moved beneath,
I dissolved the bands of death,
Pluck'd the cruel tyrant's sting,
Taught thy stammering tongue to sing,

4 "When cast out, and wounded sore,
Thou wast welt'ring in thy gore,
I did all thy sins forgive,
Heal'd thy wounds, and bade thee live.

5 "Took thy filthy rags away,
Deck'd thy soul in bright array ;

Wash'd thee in redeeming blood,
And presented thee to God.

6 "Though with trembling steps thou go
Through the gloomy shades of wo ;
Or to death's dark vale descend,
There will I thy soul defend."

HYMN 71. P.M.

1 COME, all ye mourning pilgrims now,
The joyful news I'll tell ;
The Lord hath sent salvation down,
To save our souls from hell ;
The angels brought the tidings down,
To shepherds in the field,
That God to man is reconciled
His Son to men reveal'd.

CHORUS.

*Sing glory, honour, to the Lamb,
Salvation to our King ;
Let all that's wash'd in Jesu's blood,
His glorious praises sing.*

2 Come, all ye poor despised souls,
Unto his fold repair ;
Where God his boundless love unfolds,
And says he'll meet us there.
His glorious presence fills our souls
With songs of loudest praise ;
Let all that want a Saviour dear,
Their hearts and voices raise.

3 There's glory, glory in my soul,
It came from heaven above ;

Which makes me praise my God so bold,
 And his dear children love.
 I'll serve the bleeding Lamb of God,
 I love his ways so well ;
 Because his precious blood was shed
 To save my soul from hell.

4 When weeping Mary came to seek
 Her Lord, with a perfume,
 The napkin and the sheet she found
 Together in the tomb ;
 The angel said, he is not here,
 He's risen from the dead,
 And streams of grace to sinners flow
 As free as did his blood.

HYMN 72. P. M.

1 ALMIGHTY love, inspire
 My heart with pure desire
 Until the sacred fire
 My soul doth renew.
 I love my blessed Jesus :
 My soul with transport gazes
 On Him who died to save us
 From sins of crimson hue.

CHORUS.

*O give him glory, O give him glory,
 O give him glory, for glory is his own :
 And I will give him glory, and I will give him glory,
 And I will give him glory, for glory is his own.*

2 My tender-hearted Jesus,
 Thy love my soul amazes ;
 Thou cam'st from heaven to save us
 When lost and undone ;

No angel could redeem us,
 No seraph could retrieve us,
 No arm could relieve us,
 But Jesus alone.

3 In him I have believed,
 He hath my soul retrieved ;
 From sin he hath redeemed
 My soul that was dead :
 And now I love my Saviour,
 For I am in his favour,
 And hope with him for ever
 The golden streets to tread.

4 While here on earth I stay,
 I'll hope for that glad day
 When I am call'd away
 To the mansions above ;
 There to enjoy the pleasure
 Of unconsuming treasure,
 And shout in highest measure,
 Hallelujahs of love.

HYMN 73. P. M.

1 O WONDROUS love of Jesus !
 From doubts and fears it frees us :
 With pity now he sees us
 A toiling here below.
 Through tribulation driven,
 We'll make our way t'wards heaven ;
 By consolation given,
 Rejoicing on we'll go.

2 Companions now distressed,
By Satan sore oppressed,
Bear up, you 'll be released.

Your Captain is at hand ;
In ev'ry trying hour
He 'll shield you by his power,
And safely lead to shore
On Canaan's happy land.

3 See, yonder is the glory,
It is but just before you,
And there we 'll tell the story
Of Christ's Redeeming love ;
And there we shall for ever
Drink of the flowing river,
For ever ; and for ever
Surround the throne above.

4 There in the blooming garden
Of Eden, gained by pardon,
There on the banks of Jordan
We 'll praise the living Lamb ;
And sing the song of Moses,
While Jesus sweet composes
A song that never closes,
Of praises to his name.

HYMN 74. P. M.

1 COME and taste along with me,
Consolation running free ;
From our Father's wealthy throne,
Sweeter than the honeycomb.

CHORUS.

*You 'll praise God, and I'll praise God,
And we 'll all praise God together ;
We 'll praise the Lord for the work that he hath done,
And glory give to God for ever.*

2 Wherefore should we feast alone ?
Two are better far than one :
The more that come with free good will,
Make the banquet sweeter still.

3 Now I go to mercy's door,
Asking for a little more ;
Jesus gives a double share,
Calling me his chosen heir.

4 Goodness, running like a stream
Through the New Jerusalem,
By a constant breaking forth,
Sweetens earth and heaven both.

5 Saints and angels sing aloud,
To behold the shining crowd,
Coming in at mercy's door,
Making still the number more.

6 Heaven's here, and heaven's there,
Comfort flowing every where,
And I boldly do profess
That my soul hath got a taste.

7 Now I 'll go rejoicing home,
From the banquet of perfume ;
Finding manna on the road,
Dropping from the throne of God.

8 O return, ye sons of grace,
 Turn and see God's smiling face ;
 Hark ! he calls backsliders home,
 Then from him no longer roam.

HYMN 75. L. M.

1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
 What comfort this sweet sentence gives ;
 He lives, he lives, who once was dead,
 He lives, my ever-living Head.

2 He lives triumphant o'er the grave,
 He lives eternally to save,
 He lives all glorious in the sky,
 He lives exalted up on high.

3 He lives to bless me with his love,
 He lives to plead my cause above,
 He lives my hungry soul to feed,
 He lives to help in time of need.

4 He lives to give me full supplies,
 He lives to guide me with his eyes,
 He lives to comfort me when faint,
 He lives to hear my soul's complaint.

5 He lives to crush the fiends of hell,
 He lives and doth within me dwell,
 He lives to heal, and keep me whole,
 He lives to guard my feeble soul.

6 He lives to banish all my fears,
 He lives to wipe away my tears,
 He lives to calm my troubled heart,
 He lives all blessings to impart.

7 He lives my kind and gracious friend,
 He lives and loves me to the end,
 He lives my Prophet, Priest, and King,
 He lives, and while he lives I'll sing.

8 He lives, all glory to his name,
 He lives my Jesus still the same.
 Oh the sweet joy this sentence gives !
 "I know that my Redeemer lives."

HYMN 76. P. M.

1 ERE God had built the mountains,
 Or raised the fruitful hills ;
 Before he fill'd the fountains,
 That feed the running rills ;
 In me from everlasting,
 The wonderful, I AM,
 Found pleasures never wasting ;
 And Wisdom is my name.

2 When, like a tent to dwell in,
 He spread the skies abroad,
 And swath'd about the swelling
 Of ocean's mighty flood ;
 He wrought by weight and measure ;
 And I was with him then ;
 Myself the Father's pleasure,
 And mine the sons of men.

3 Thus wisdom's words discover,
 Thy glory and thy grace,
 Thou everlasting lover
 Of our unworthy race !

8 O return, ye sons of grace,
 Turn and see God's smiling face ;
 Hark ! he calls backsliders home,
 Then from him no longer roam.

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 And swath'd about the swelling
 Of ocean's mighty flood ;
 He wrought by weight and measure ;
 And I was with him then ;
 Myself the Father's pleasure,
 And mine the sons of men.

3 Thus wisdom's words discover,
 Thy glory and thy grace,
 Thou everlasting lover
 Of our unworthy race !

Thy gracious eye survey'd us
 Ere stars were seen above;
 In wisdom thou hast made us,
 And died for us in love.

4 And couldst thou be delighted
 With creatures such as we!
 Who when we saw thee, slighted,
 And nailed to a tree?
 Unfathomable wonder,
 And mystery divine!
 The voice that speaks in thunder
 Says, "Sinner, I am thine!"

HYMN 77. P. M.

1 My Spouse! in whose presence I live,
 Sole object of all my desires,
 Who know'st what a flame I conceive,
 And canst easily double its fires.
 How pleasant is all that I meet!
 From fear of adversity free;
 I find even sorrow made sweet,
 Because 't is assign'd me by thee.

2 Transported I see thee display
 Thy riches and glory divine;
 I have only my life to repay,
 Take what I would gladly resign.
 Thy will is the treasure I seek,
 For thou art as faithful as strong;
 There let me obedient and meek,
 Repose myself all the day long.

3 Oh glory, in which I am lost,
 Too deep for the plummet of thought!

On an ocean of Deity toss'd,
 I am swallow'd, I sink into nought.
 Yet lost and absorb'd as I seem,
 I chant to the praise of my King,
 And though overwhelm'd by the theme,
 Am happy whenever I sing.

HYMN 78. C. M.

- 1 AMAZING grace ! (how sweet the sound)
 That saved a wretch like me !
 I once was lost, but now am found,—
 Was blind, but now I see.
- 2 'T was grace that taught my heart to fear,
 And grace my fears relieved ;
 How precious did that grace appear,
 The hour I first believed !
- 3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
 I have already come ;
 'T is grace has brought me safe thus far,
 And grace will lead me home.
- 4 The Lord has promised good to me,
 His word my hopes secures ;
 He will my shield and portion be
 As long as life endures.
- 5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
 And mortal life shall cease ;
 I shall possess within the veil,
 A life of joy and peace.
- 6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
 The sun forbear to shine ;
 But God, who call'd me here below,
 Will be for ever mine.

HYMN 79. P.M.

- 1 ENLISTED into the cause of sin,
 Why should a good be evil?
 Music, alas! too long has been
 Press'd to obey the devil;
 Drunken, or lewd, or light, the lay
 Flows to the soul's undoing,
 Widens and strews with flowers the way
 Down to our utter ruin.
- 2 Who on the part of God will rise?
 Innocent sounds recover;
 Fly on the prey, and seize the prize,
 Plunder the carnal lover?
 Strip him of ev'ry moving strain,
 Every melting measure,
 Music in virtue's cause retain,
 Rescue the holy pleasure.
- 3 Come let us try if Jesu's love
 Will not as well inspire us;
 This is the theme of those above,
 This upon earth shall fire us;
 Try if your hearts are tuned to sing;
 Is there a subject greater?
 Harmony all its strains may bring,
 Jesus's name is sweeter.
- 4 Jesus the soul of music is,
 His is the noblest passion;
 Jesus's name is life and peace,
 Happiness and salvation;
 Jesus's name the dead can raise,
 Show us our sins forgiven,

Fill us with all the life of grace,
Carry us up to heaven.

5 Who hath a right like us to sing,
Us who his mercy raises !
Merry our hearts, for Christ is King,
Joyful are all our faces.
Who of his love doth once partake,
He in the Lord rejoices ;
Melody in our hearts we make,
Melody with our voices.

6 Then let us in his praises join ;
Triumph in his salvation ;
Glory ascribe to Love divine,
Worship and adoration ;
Heaven already is begun,
Open'd in each believer ;
Only believe, and still sing on,
Heaven is ours for ever.

HYMN 80. P. M.

1 BURST ye em'rald gates and bring
To my raptured vision,
All the ecstatic joys that spring
Round the bright elisian ;
Lo ! we lift our longing eyes,
Break, ye intervening skies ;
Sun of righteousness arise,
Ope the gates of paradise.

2 Floods of everlasting light
Freely flash before him ;

Myriads, with supreme delight,
 Instantly adore him;
 Angelic trumps resound his fame,
 Lutes of lucid gold proclaim,
 All the music of his name;
 Heaven echoing the theme.

3 Four-and-twenty elders rise,
 From their princely station;
 Shout his glorious victories,
 Sing the great salvation;
 Cast their crowns before his throne,
 Cry in reverential tone,
 "Glory be to God alone,
 Holy, holy, holy, One."

4 Hark! the thrilling symphonies
 Seem, methinks, to seize us—
 Join we too the holy lays—
 Jesus—Jesus—Jesus!
 Sweetest sound in seraph's song!
 Sweetest note on mortal's tongue!
 Sweetest carol ever sung!
 Jesus—Jesus flow along.

HYMN 81. P. M.

1 How happy every child of grace,
 The soul that 's fill'd with joy and peace,
 That bears the fruits of righteousness,
 And kept by Jesu's power,
 Their trespasses are all forgiven,
 They antedate the joys of heaven:
 In rapturous lays
 Shout the praise

Of Jesus's grace,
 To a lost race
 Of sinners, brought to happiness
 Through th' atoning blood of Jesus.

2 Satan may tempt, and hell may rage,
 And all the powers of earth besiege ;
 Their united strength at once engage
 To pluck a soul from Jesus :
 The faithful soul laughs them to scorn,
 He 's heaven bound, he 's heaven born,
 He 'll watch and pray,
 Night and day,
 Fight his way,
 Win the day,
 And all his enemies dismay,
 Through the mighty name of Jesus.

3 Oh monster, death, thy sting is drawn !
 Oh boasting grave, no trophy 's won !
 The saint triumphs through grace alone,
 To praise the name of Jesus.
 At length he bids the world adieu,
 With all its vanity and show—
 The soul it flies,
 Through the skies,
 To paradise,
 And joins its voice,
 In rapturous lays of love, to praise
 The glorious name of Jesus.

4 When Gabriel's awful trump shall sound,
 And rend the rocks, convulse the ground,
 And swear that time is at an end,
 Ye dead, arise to judgment.

See lightnings flash, and thunders roll,
 The earth wrapt like a parchment scroll ;
 Comets blaze,
 Sinners raise,
 Dread amaze,
 And horrors seize
 The guilty sons of Adam's race,
 Unsav'd from sin by Jesus.

5 The Christian, fill'd with rapturous joy,
 Midst flaming worlds he mounts on high
 To meet his Saviour in the sky,
 And see the face of Jesus.
 Then soul and body reunite,
 And fill'd with glory infinite :
 Blessed day !
 Christians, say—
 Will you pray
 That we may
 All join that happy company,
 To praise the name of Jesus ?

HYMN 82. P. M.

1 O how I have long'd for the coming of God !
 And sought him by praying and searching his
 word ;
 With watching and fasting my soul was op-
 press'd
 Nor would I give over till Jesus had bless'd.
 2 The tokens of mercy at length did appear,
 According to promise, he answer'd my prayer ;
 And glory is open'd in floods on my soul,
 Salvation from Zion 's beginning to roll.

3 The news of his mercy is spreading abroad,
And sinners come crying, and weeping to God;
Their mourning and praying is heard very loud,
And many find favour in Jesus's blood.

4 Here are more, my dear Saviour, who fall
at thy feet,
Oppress'd by a burden enormously great;
Oh raise them, my Jesus, to tell of thy love,
And shout hallelujahs with angels above.

5 I 'll sing, and I 'll shout, and I 'll shout and
I 'll sing;
Oh God make the nations in praises to ring
With loud acclamations of Jesus's love,
And carry us all to the city above.

6 We 'll wait for thy chariot, it seems to draw
near :
Oh come, my dear Saviour, let glory appear;
We long to be singing and shouting above,
With angels o'erwhelm'd in Jesus's love.

HYMN 83. P. M.

1 Oh JESUS, my Saviour, to thee I submit,
With love and thanksgiving I fall at thy feet;
The sacrifice offer my soul, flesh, and blood,
To thee, my Redeemer, my Lord, and my God.

2 I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my Lord!
I love thee, my Saviour, I love thee, my God!
I love thee, I love thee, and that thou dost
know;
But how much I love thee I never can show:

3 All human expressions are empty and vain ;
 They cannot unriddle the heavenly flame ;
 I 'm sure if the tongue of an angel I had,
 I could not the myst'ry completely describe.

4 I 'm happy, I 'm happy, O wondrous account !

My joys are immortal—I stand on the mount ;
 I gaze on my treasure and long to be there,
 With Jesus, my Saviour, the kingdom to share.

5 O Jesus, my Saviour, in thee I am blest !
 My life and my treasure, my joy and my rest ;
 Thy grace be my theme, and thy name be my
 song,

Thy love doth inspire my heart and my tongue.

6 O who is like Jesus ! he 's Salem's bright
 King ; [sing ;
 He smiles and he loves me, and learns me to
 I 'll praise him, I 'll praise him, and bow to
 his will,
 While rivers of pleasure my spirit do fill.

HYMN 84. P. M.

1 O JESUS, my Saviour ! I know thou art mine ;
 For thee all the pleasure of earth I resign :
 Of objects most pleasing, I love thee the best ;
 Without thee I 'm wretched, but with thee I 'm
 blest.

2 Thou art my rich treasure, my joy and my
 love,
 (None richer possess'd by the angels above ;)

For thee all the pleasures of sense I forego,
And wander a pilgrim despised below.

3 Thy Spirit first taught me to know I was
blind,

And taught me the way of salvation to find:
For when I was sinking in dreadful despair,
My Jesus relieved me and bid me not fear.

4 In vain I attempt to describe what I feel:
The language of mortals for ever must fail;
My Jesus is precious, my soul's in a flame:
I'm raised into rapture while praising his
name.

5 Though weak and despised, by faith I now
stand,

Preserved and defended by heaven's kind hand;
By Jesus supported, I'll praise his dear name,
Regardless of danger, of praise, or of blame.

6 I find him in singing, I find him in prayer;
In sweet meditation he always is near:
My constant companion, oh may we not part!
All glory to Jesus, who dwells in my heart.

7 If ever I loved, sure I love thee, my Lord,
I love thy dear people, thy ways, and thy
word;

I love all my brethren, I love sinners too,
Since Jesus has died to redeem them from wo.

8 When happy in Jesus I regard not the proud,
Tho' sinners despise me for shouting so loud;
For death will soon call me, and then I shall
fly,

To praise my dear Jesus in mansions on high

9 Through millions of ages sweet notes I'll
employ

In praising my Jesus, my hope and my joy :
The glorified spirits, and angels around,
Shall all be delighted to join the glad sound.

HYMN 85. P. M.

1 SALVATION to Jesus, he 's Zion's bright
King! [ring

O God, let thy praises through all the earth
We hear from the east, from the west, south
and north,

To conquer the nations the Lord 's going forth.

2 Salvation to Jesus! let all the world know
He died to redeem us from sorrow and wo,
He rose to ensure us a justified state—
Come, seek his salvation before it 's too late.

3 Salvation to Jesus, he's now gone above,
Where he will prepare for us mansions of love;
He 's sent down the Comforter into the world,
And causes salvation from Zion to roll.

4 Salvation to Jesus! his mercy abounds,
And sinners take shelter in his precious
wounds : [to God,
They are weeping, and praying, and coming
And finding redemption in Jesus's blood.

5 Salvation to Jesus ! my soul is alive—
His word is now spreading—his work doth
revive.

O God shake the nations until they submit,
And bow down with pleasure at Jesus's feet.

6 Salvation to Jesus, my soul 's in a flame ;
I rise in sweet rapture at th' sound of his name :
Shout all the creation below and above,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus's love.

7 Salvation to Jesus, he 'll quickly appear
In bright shining glory! he 's now drawing
near :

I 'm going, my brethren, to meet him above,
Where I shall eternally feast on his love.

8 Salvation to Jesus, shall there be my song,
I 'll meet all my brethren around the bright
throne :

With loud hallelujah's all heaven shall ring,
Salvation! Salvation! to Jesus my King.

HYMN 86. P. M.

1 I Love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my
Love

I long thy salvation more fully to prove!
I love thee, I love thee, I love thee,—O why?
Because my dear Saviour for sinners did die.

2 I love thee, I love thee, my Lord knows it
well,

But how much I love thee I never can tell;
From hell and damnation my soul thou didst
free,

From black desperation a rebel like me.

3 On Zion's bright mountain this news I will
tell,

The strains of redemption my bosom shall
swell ;

With angelic ardour his love I 'll proclaim,
Redemption for sinners, in Jesus's name.

4 Redemption, redemption through Zion shall
ring,

In the flame of redemption her converts shall
sing ;

Redemption, redemption, through Jesus's
blood,

Is streaming from Calv'ry and rolls like a flood.

5 We 'll talk of redemption while we stay
below

We 'll sing of redemption when upward we go !

When the sun shall be darken'd, the moon
turn'd to blood,

We'll shout full redemption in th' kingdom of
God.

6 When sinking in sorrow free grace did
abound,

Pursued by the devil, redemption we found,

Our harps to redemption, we 'll tune ev'ry
string,

Through heaven's high arches salvation shall
ring.

7 Redemption, redemption, to Him that was
slain,

We 'll outsing the angels in th' heavenly strain,

Redemption through Jesus for ever we 'll cry ;

For men, not for angels, the Saviour did die.

8 All glory, all glory to Jesus's name,
 All wisdom and power to th' heavenly Lamb ;
 To him who redeem'd us, the great One in
 Three,
 Hosanna, Hosanna through eternity.

9 The song of creation bright angels may sing,
 But we 'll sing redemption through Jesus our
 King ;
 Through ages eternal this song shall be sung,
 While Jesus's glory inspires every tongue.

HYMN 87. P. M.

1 HOSANNA to Jesus, I 'm filled with his
 praises,
 Come, oh my dear brethren, and help me to
 sing ;
 No theme is so charming, no love is so warm-
 ing,
 It gives joy and gladness and comfort within.

2 Hosanna is ringing ; I 'm happy while sing-
 ing
 And shouting the praises of Jesus's name :
 The angels in glory repeat the glad story
 Of Jesus's love, which is made known to men.

3 Hosanna to Jesus who died to redeem us,
 I 'll serve him and love him wherever I go ;
 He 's now gone to heaven ; the Spirit he's
 given
 To quicken and comfort his children below.

4 Hosanna for ever, his grace like a river,
 Is rising and spreading all over the land :

His love is unbounded, to all it's extended,
And sinners are feeling the heavenly flame.

5 Hosanna to Jesus! my soul how it pleases
To see sinners falling and crying to God:
Then shouting and praising, they cry, "Tis
amazing,
We've found peace and pardon in Jesus's
blood."

6 Hosanna is ringing, hark how they are
singing!
"All glory to Jesus, we've tasted his love."
The kingdom of heaven to mortals is given,
And rolls through my soul from the mansions
above.

7 Hosanna to Jesus; my soul feels him pre-
cious;
In bright beams of glory he comes from above.
My heart is now glowing, I feel his love flow-
ing:

I'm sure that my Jesus I really do love.

8 Hosanna is ringing, the saints now are sing-
ing,

And marching to glory in bright royal bands:
Come on, my dear brethren, let's press to-
wards heaven,

For Jesus invites us with crowns in his hands.

9 Hosanna to Jesus; my soul sweetly rises,
I'll soon be transported t' a happier clime,
Where I shall see Jesus, and dwell on his
praises,

And with him in glory eternally shine.

HYMN 88. P. M.

1 THE Lord is the fountain of goodness and love,

In Eden once flowing in streams from above,
Refresh'd ev'ry moment the first happy pair,
Till sin stopp'd the torrent and brought in despair.

2 O wretched condition ! what anguish and pain !

They thirst for the fountain, and seek it in vain ;
To sin's bitter waters they fly for relief,
They drink, but the draught still increases their grief.

3 Glad tidings ! glad tidings ! no more we complain !

Our Jesus has open'd the fountain again :
Now mingled with mercy, and rich with free grace,
From Zion 'tis flowing to all the lost race.

4 How happy the prospect ! how pleasant the road !

When led down the stream by the angel of God ;

Though shallow at first, yet we find it at last,
A river so boundless it cannot be past.

5 Come, sinners, poor sinners ! it 's boundless and free,

In Eden once flowing, 't was open'd for thee,

This water has virtue to heal all complaints—
Come, drink, ye diseased, and rejoice with
the saints.

6 Say not, "I 'm a sinner, and must not partake,"

For this very reason the Lord bids you take ;
Say not, " too unworthy, the vilest of all :"

For *such*, not the righteous, the Lord came to call.

7 Come, all ye dead sinners, here life you
may find ;

Come, all ye poor beggars, ye halt and ye
blind ;

The Spirit invites you, the Bride bids you too ;

Come, call all your neighbours, they 're welcome with you.

8 Come, Christians, let 's venture along down
the stream ;

The shallows are pleasing, but oh let us swim :

Let 's bathe in the ocean of infinite love,

And wash, and be pure as the angels above.

HYMN 89. P. M.

1 THE Lord into his garden 's come,

The spices yield a rich perfume,

The lilies grow and thrive ;

Refreshing showers of grace divine

From Jesus flow to every vine,

And make the dead revive.

2 Oh that this dry and barren ground
In springs of water may abound,
And fruitful soil become !

The desert blossom as the rose,
Till Jesus conquers all his foes,
And makes his people one !

3 The glorious time is coming on,
The gracious work is now begun,
My soul a witness is :

I taste and see the pardon free
For all mankind as well as me ;
Who comes to Christ shall live.

4 The worst of sinners here may find
A Saviour merciful and kind,
Who will them all receive.

None are too vile that will repent ;
Out of one sinner legions went,—
Jesus did him relieve.

5 If sinners only knew the Lord,
And would but taste his precious word,
His sweet forgiving love ;
They 'd rush through storms of ev'ry kind,
And leave all earthly cares behind,
To gain a crown above.

6 Come, brethren, you that love the Lord,
Who taste the sweetness of his word,
In Jesu's ways go on ;
Our troubles and our trials here
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.

7 We feel that heaven is now begun,
 It issues from the sparkling throne,
 From Jesu's throne on high.
 It comes in floods we can't contain,
 We drink, and drink, and drink again,
 And yet we 're ever dry.

8 But when we come to dwell above,
 And all surround the throne of love,
 We 'll drink a full supply;
 Jesus will lead his armies through,
 To where the living fountains flow
 That never will run dry.

9 There we shall reign, and shout, and sing,
 And make the upper regions ring,
 When all the saints get home:
 Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
 Soon we shall meet together there,
 For Jesus bids us come.

10 Amen, amen! my soul replies,
 I'm bound to meet him in the skies,
 And claim my mansion there:
 Now here 's my heart, and here 's my hand,
 To meet you in that heavenly land,
 Where we shall part no more.

HYMN 90. C. M.

1 THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
 And sinners, plunged beneath the flood,
 Loose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Wash'd all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

4 Ere since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save ;
When this poor feeble, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

6 Lord, I believe thou hast prepared
(Unworthy though I be)
For me a blood-bought free reward—
A golden harp for me !

HYMN 91. P. M.

1 TRANSPORTING news ! the Saviour's come
To purchase our salvation !
Let every tongue his praise proclaim
In strains of acclamation.

When hell's dark host,
With wicked boast,
Had compass'd man's subjection,

Christ's wondrous grace
Relieved our race

By mercy's sweet direction.
The eternal God's eternal Son,
And heir and partner of his throne,
In pity stoop'd, was crucified,
His righteousness and blood applied,
And thus our souls at freedom set,
By paying down the dreadful debt ;
We, therefore we,
From guilt set free,
Will joyfully adore him.

2 He comes the prisoner to release,
To cure poor souls all bleeding ;
To give the troubled conscience peace,
By his death and interceding ;

He breaks in twain
The galling chain
With which our sins had bound us ;
From Calvary
His pardons free .

Have richly flow'd around us.
One King of kings, our Lord most high
Hath ransom'd us to liberty ;
Clad with a garment dipp'd in blood,
Our foes beneath his feet he trod ;
Rescued by grace, we now no more
Shall bonds and poverty deplore ;
Fair Salem waits,
With pearly gates,
Our ransom'd souls to welcome.

3 Then, happy souls, come sing his grace,
Come, sing your pearl, your treasure,

Till you behold him face to face,
 With most triumphant pleasure ;
 His grace and love
 With joy we prove,
 While with delight we ponder,
 On what in vain
 Tongue tries t' explain,
 To heaven and earth a wonder.
 Thus while we sit beneath his cross,
 All earthly gain we count but loss,
 Of nothing think or speak beside,
 But Christ the Saviour crucified,
 In whom both grace and vengeance join,
 To make poor worms in glory shine :
 O for this grace
 Let highest praise
 Ascend with pleasing rapture !

4 Our glad hosannas, Saviour God !
 Proclaim aloud thy praises,
 While all the host redeem'd by blood,
 In heaven with transport gazes ;
 We too aspire
 With that blest choir,
 In humble, sweet prostration ;
 A glorious band,
 With harp in hand,
 To sing complete salvation.
 With them we 'll drink immortal joys,
 With them hear Jesu's glorious voice,
 With them behold him face to face,
 With them transported on him gaze,
 With them in heavenly concert join,
 With them in endless glory shine ;

In loftiest verse
 His praise rehearse,
 Adore his name for ever.

HYMN 92. L. M.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
 And sing the great Redeemer's praise :
 He justly claims a song from me,
 His lovingkindness, oh how free !
- 2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
 He lov'd me notwithstanding all,
 He sav'd me from my lost estate,
 His lovingkindness, oh how great !
- 3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
 Though earth and hell my way oppose,
 He safely leads my soul along,
 His lovingkindness, oh how strong !
- 4 When troubles like a gloomy cloud
 Have gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,
 He near my soul has always stood ;
 His lovingkindness, O how good !
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart
 Prone from my Jesus to depart,
 Though oft his mercies I've forgot,
 His lovingkindness changes not.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
 Soon all my mortal powers must fail !
 Oh ! may my last expiring breath
 His lovingkindness sing in death !

7 Then let me mount and soar away
 To that bright world of endless day,
 And sing with rapture and surprise,
 His lovingkindness in the skies.

HYMN 93. P. M.

- 1 WHAT wondrous love is this, O my soul!
 What wondrous love is this, O my soul!
 What wondrous love is this, that caused the
 Lord of bliss
 To bear the dreadful curse, for my soul, for
 my soul.
- 2 When I was sinking down, sinking down, &c.
 When I was sinking down, sinking down,
 When I was sinking down beneath God's right-
 eous frown,
 Christ laid aside his crown for my soul, &c.
- 3 Ye winged seraphs fly, bear the news, &c.
 Ye winged seraphs fly, bear the news,
 Ye winged seraphs fly, like comets through
 the sky,
 Fill vast eternity with the news, &c.
- 4 To God and to the Lamb I will sing, &c.
 To God and to the Lamb I will sing,
 To God and to the Lamb, and to the great
 I AM,
 While millions join the theme, I will sing, &c.
- 5 Come, friends of Zion's King, join the
 praise, &c.
 Come, friends of Zion's King, join the praise,

Come, friends of Zion's King, with hearts and
voices sing, [&c.

And strike each tuneful string in his praise,

6 Thus when from death made free we'll sing
on, &c.

Thus when from death made free we'll
sing on,

Thus when from death made free we'll sing
and joyful be,

Through all eternity we'll sing on, &c.

7 And when to that bright world we arise, &c.

And when to that bright world we arise,

When to that world we go, free from all pain
and wo,

We'll join that happy throng, and sing on.

HYMN 94. L. M.

1 Now in a song of grateful praise,
To my dear Lord my voice I'll raise :
With all the saints I'll join to tell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.

2 All worlds his glorious power confess ;
His wisdom all his works express ;
But oh his love what tongue can tell !
My Jesus hath done all things well.

3 I spurn'd his grace, I broke his laws,
But yet he undertook my cause,
To save me, though I did rebel :
My Jesus hath done all things well.

4 At last my soul has known his love—
What mercy has he made me prove !

Mercy which doth all praise excel ;
My Jesus hath done all things well.

5 If e'er my Saviour and my God
Did on me lay his chast'ning rod,
I knew, whatever me befell,
My Jesus would do all things well.

6 Though many a fiery flaming dart
Be aim'd to wound me to the heart ;
With this I all their rage repel,
My Jesus hath done all things well.

7 Ofttimes my Lord his face did hide ;
To make me pray, or kill my pride ;
Yet on my mind it still doth dwell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.

8 Soon I shall pass the vale of death,
And in his arms resign my breath ;
Then, then my happy soul shall tell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.

9 And when to that bright world I rise,
And join the seraphs in the skies ;
Above the rest this note shall swell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.

HYMN 95. L. M.

1 JESUS ! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee ?
Ashamed of thee whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days !

2 Ashamed of Jesus ! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star ;

He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'T is midnight with my soul till he,
Bright Morning Star, bids darkness flee:

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No—when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more reveal his name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tears to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then, nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And oh! may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

7 His institutions I will prize,
Take up my cross—the shame despise,
Dare to defend this noble cause,
And yield obedience to his laws.

HYMN 96. P. M.

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He whose words cannot be broken,
Form'd thee for his own abode:
On the rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?

With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See! the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?
Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hov'ring,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a cov'ring,
Showing that the Lord is near:
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night, and shade by day;
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them when they pray.

4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God:
'T is his love his people raises
Over self to reign as kings;
And as priests his solemn praises,
Each for a thank-offering brings.

5 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I, through grace, a member am;
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name:

Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
 All his boasted pomp and show ;
 Solid joys and lasting treasure,
 None but Zion's children know.

HYMN 97. L. M.

1 HARK, don't you hear the Turtle Dove,
 The tokens of redeeming Love ?
 From hill to hill we hear the sound,
 The neighbouring valleys echo round !
 Oh Zion ! hear the Turtle Dove,
 The tokens of Redeeming Love :
 They 're come the barren land to cheer,
 And welcome in the Jubil year.

2 The winter 's past, the rain is o'er,
 We feel the chilling winds no more,
 Sweet spring is come, and summer too,
 All things appear divinely new ;
 On Zion's mount the watchmen cry,
 The resurrection 's drawing nigh,
 Behold, the nations from abroad
 Are flocking to the mount of God.

3. The trumpet sounds both far and nigh,
 " O sinners, turn ! why will you die ?"
 How can you stand the gospel charms ?
 Enlist with Christ, gird on your arms :
 These are the days that were foretold
 In ancient times by prophets old ;
 They long'd to see this glorious light,
 But all have died without the sight.

4 The *latter days* have now come on,
 And fugitives are flocking home ;

Behold them crowd the gospel road,
 All pressing for the mount of God.
 O yes, and I will join the band—
 O here 's my heart and here 's my hand;
 With Satan's bands no more I 'll be,
 But fight for Christ and liberty.

5 His banner soon shall be unfurl'd,
 And He will come to judge the world;
 On Zion's mountain we will stand,
 Surrounded by fair Canaan's land.
 The sun and moon shall darken'd be,
 The flames consume the land and sea;
 When worlds on worlds together blaze,
 We 'll shout, and loud hosannas raise.

HYMN 98. P. M.

1 REJOICE, my friends, the Lord is King,
 Let all prepare to take him in;
 Let Jacob rise, and Zion sing,
 And all the world with praises ring,
 And give to Jesus glory.

2 I long to see the Christians join
 In union sweet, and peace divine,
 When every church with grace shall shine,
 And grow to Christ the living vine,
 And give to Jesus glory?

3 Come, parents, children, bond and free,
 Come, will you go to heaven with me,
 That glorious land of rest to see,
 And shout with me eternally,
 And give to Jesus glory.

- 4 My soul feels happy while I sing ;
 I feel that I am on the wing :
 I'll shout salvation to my King,
 Till I to heaven my trophies bring,
 And there we'll give him glory,
- 5 A few more days of pain and wo,
 A few more suffering scenes below,
 And then to Jesus we shall go,
 Where everlasting pleasures flow,
 And there we'll give him glory.
- 6 The awful trumpet soon will sound,
 And shake the vast creation round,
 And call the nations under ground ;
 And all the saints shall then be crown'd,
 And give to Jesus glory.
- 7 Ten thousand thunders then shall roll,
 And shake the globe from pole to pole ;
 How dreadful to the guilty soul !
 But nothing shall the saints control,
 They'll give to Jesus glory.
- 8 Then tears shall all be wiped away ;
 There Christians ne'er shall go astray ;
 When we are freed from cumbrous clay,
 We'll praise the Lord in endless day,
 And give to Jesus glory.
- 9 There all the saints shall join in one,
 And sing with Moses round the throne ;
 Their troubles are for ever gone,
 They'll shine with God's eternal Son ;
 And give to Jesus glory.

HYMN 99. P. M.

1 Oh how sweet it is to me
At my Saviour's feet to fall,
Talk with him continually,
Make my blessed Jesus all.

2 Other pleasures I have sought,
Tried the world a thousand times ;
Peace pursued, but found it not,
For I still retain'd my crimes.

3 Never could my spirit rest,
Till from guilt my soul was freed ;
Jesus now hath me released ;
And in him I'm free indeed.

4 Saviour, bind me to thy cross,
Let thy love possess my heart ;
All besides I count but dross ;
Let me ne'er from thee depart.

5 In thy blood such peace I find !
In thy love such joy is given !
He who is to Jesus join'd,
Finds on earth a little heaven.

HYMN 100. P. M.

1 YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name ;
The name all victorious of Jesus extol ;
His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save,
And still he is nigh, his presence we have :

The great congregation his triumphs shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

4 Salvation to God who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud and honour the Son :
Our Jesus's praises the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the
Lamb.

5 Then let us adore, and give him his right ;
All glory, and power, and wisdom, and might :
All honour, and blessing, with angels above ;
And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.

HYMN 101. L. M.

1 Oh who will come, and go with me ?
I 'm bound fair Canaan's land to see :
I 'll join with those who 're gone before,
Where sin and sorrow are no more.

2 A few more rolling years at most
Will land my soul on Canaan's coast ;
There, on the Mount of sweet repose,
I 'll bid adieu to all my woes.

3 Oh may my soul march boldly on,
And never end the blessed song ;
O may I always persevere,
And never stop till I get there.

4 Oh what a happy time 't will be
Then my friends in heaven shall see !
There we may tell our suff'rings o'er,
When we shall reach that happy shore.

5 Oh what a happy company !
 May I be there that sight to see,
 And join in praise to Jesu's name.
 All glorious in Jerusalem.

6 I little thought he 'd been so nigh ?
 His speaking makes me laugh and cry ;—
 He said, " I 'm come for thee, my love,
 I have a place for thee above."

7 Now here 's my heart and here 's my hand,
 To meet you in that heavenly land :
 My hand again I give to thee,
 Hoping thy face in heaven to see.

HYMN 102. C. M.

1 SALVATION ! what a glorious plan !
 How suited to our need !
 The grace that raises fallen man
 Is wonderful indeed.

2 'T was wisdom form'd the vast design,
 To ransom us when lost ;
 And love's unfathomable mine
 Provided all the cost.

3 Strict justice with approving look,
 The holy cov'nant seal'd ;
 And truth and power undertook
 The whole should be fulfill'd.

4 Truth, wisdom, justice, power, and love
 In all their glory shone ;
 When Jesus left the courts above,
 And died to save his own.

5 Truth, wisdom, justice, power, and love,
Are equally display'd ;
Now Jesus reigns enthroned above,
Our Advocate and Head.

6 Now sin appears *deserving* death,
Most hateful and abhorr'd !
And yet the sinner lives by faith,
And dares approach the Lord.

HYMN 103. P. M.

1 HAIL, happy believer in Jesus !
Though all things around thee may frown,
At present whatever thy case is,
This know, thou art born to a crown :
Then let not earth's trifles oppress thee,
Thy kingdom 's preparing above ;
Be faithful, and Jesus will bless thee
With joys that can never remove.

2 Oh envy not those that aspire
In splendour and honour to live ;
When theirs is all burnt up with fire,
Thy portion will be to receive.
Hail, happy believer in Jesus !
No longer for trifles now care ;
Thy kingdom above never ceases,
And Jesus will soon call thee there.

HYMN 104. P. M.

1 LET us love, and sing, and wonder,
Let us praise the Saviour's name ;

He has hush'd the law's loud thunder ;
 He has quench'd Mount Sinai's flame :
 He has wash'd us with his blood,
 He has brought us nigh to God.

2 Let us love the Lord who bought us,
 Pitied us when enemies ;
 Call'd us by his grace, and taught us ;
 Gave us ears, and gave us eyes :
 He has wash'd us with his blood,
 He presents our souls to God.

3 Let us sing, though fierce temptation
 Threaten hard to bear us down,
 For the Lord, our strong salvation,
 Holds in view the conqu'ror's crown :
 He who wash'd us with his blood,
 Soon will bring us home to God.

HYMN 105. P. M.

1 COME friends and relations, let 's join heart
 and hand,
 The voice of the turtle is heard in our land ;
 Let 's all walk together, and follow the sound,
 And march to the place where redemption is
 found.

2 The place it is hidden by reason of sin,
 You can't see the sorrowful state you are in ;
 You 're blinded, polluted, in prison and pain—
 Oh how can such rebels redemption obtain !

3 The place is obscured, and darkly conceal'd,
 Nor can mortals know it until it 's reveal'd ;

The place is in Jesus, to him we will go,
And there find redemption from sorrow and wo.

4 And if you are wounded and bruised by the
fall,

Rise up and press forward, for you he doth call;
Or if you are tempted to doubt or despair,
Then come home to Jesus, redemption is there.

5 And you, my dear brethren, that love your
dear Lord,

Who have witness'd free pardon by faith in
his word,

Let patience attend you wherever you go,
Your Saviour has purchased salvation for you.

6 We read of commotions and signs in the skies,
The sun and the moon shall be clothed in dis-
guise ;

And when you shall see all these tokens ap-
pear,

Then lift up your heads, your redemption is
near.

7 O then the archangel the trumpet shall
sound,

And wake all the nations that sleep under
ground

The sound of the trumpet shall bid you arise,
To meet your redemption with joy in the skies.

8 And then loving Jesus our souls will receive,
From bonds of corruption our bodies relieve;
Then we shall be perfect, and happy, and free,
And sing of redemption wherever we be.

HYMN 106. P. M.

1 COME all who have mercy through Jesus
obtain'd,

The hope of salvation and pardon regain'd ;
Come join in an anthem, let praises abound,
And tell all around us what treasure we 've
found.

2 When sin, like a mountain tremendously
great,

My soul fill'd with horror to view my sad fate;
On the brink of destruction bewailing my case,
Was almost despairing of pardoning grace.

3 Alone in the valley I roved in distress,
My sorrows too great for my tongue to ex-
press ;

My heart had been always to evil inclined,
A Saviour I feared I never should find.

4 When crying in anguish and prostrate in
dust,

I own'd to be sentenced from God would be
just ;

The Lord by these words caused my sorrows
to cease,

" Thy sins are forgiven ; arise, go in peace."

5 A captive deliver'd from bondage and pain,
Who long in a dungeon of darkness had lain ;
The woods and the valleys with praises did
ring,

All glory to Jesus, my Priest and my King.

6 Adieu to this world, and its foolish delight,
 No longer its trifles my passions invite ;
 I'll follow my Saviour who freedom can
 give,
 And cheerfully praise him as long as I live.

HYMN 107. L. M.

1 HAIL ! sov'reign love, that first began
 The scheme to rescue fallen man :
 Hail ! matchless, free, eternal grace,
 That gave my soul a hiding place.

2 Against the God that rules the sky
 I fought, with hands uplifted high ;
 Despised the offers of his grace,
 Too proud to seek a hiding place.

3 Enwrappt in dark Egyptian night,
 And fond of darkness more than light,
 Madly I ran the sinful race,
 Secure without a hiding place.

4 But lo ! the eternal counsel ran,
 " Almighty love arrest the man !"
 I felt the arrows of distress,
 And found I had no hiding place.

5 Vindictive justice stood in view,
 To Sinai's fiery mount I flew ;
 Stern justice cried with frowning face,
 This mountain is no hiding place.

6 But lo ! a heavenly voice I heard,
 And mercy for my soul appear'd ;

She led me on a pleasant pace,
To Jesus Christ, my hiding place.

7 Should seven-fold storms of thunder roll,
And shake the globe from pole to pole,
No thunderbolt shall daunt my face,
For Jesus is my hiding place.

8 On him Almighty vengeance fell,
That might have crush'd a world to hell;
He bore it for a sinful race,
And thus became their hiding place.

9 A few more rolling suns at most,
Will land me safe on Zion's coast;
There I shall sing a song of grace,
Safe in my glorious hiding place.

HYMN 108. P. M.

1 THE voice of free grace
Cries escape to the mountain,
For Adam's lost race,
Christ hath open'd a fountain.
For sin and transgression
And every pollution,
His blood flows most freely
In streams of ablution.

CHORUS.

*Hallelujah to the Lamb,
Who has purchased our pardon;
We will praise him again
When we pass over Jordan.*

2 That fountain so clear,
In which all may find pardon,

From Jesus's side
 Flows plenteous redemption ;
 Though your sins were increased
 As high as a mountain,
 His blood it flows freely :
 O come to this fountain.

Hallelujah, &c.

3 Blest Jesus, ride on,
 Thy kingdom is glorious,
 O'er sin, death, and hell,
 Thou wilt make us victorious.
 Thy name shall be praised,
 In the great congregation,
 And saints shall delight
 In ascribing salvation.

Hallelujah, &c.

4 When on Zion we stand,
 Having gain'd the blest shore,
 With our harps in our hand,
 We will praise him evermore ;
 We 'll range the blest fields,
 On the banks of the river,
 And sing hallelujahs
 For ever and ever.

Hallelujah, &c.

HYMN 109. P. M.

1 ARISE and hail the sacred day,
 Cast all low cares of life away,
 And thoughts of meaner things :
 This day to cure our deadly woes
 The Sun of righteousness arose
 With healing in his wings.

2 If angels, on that happy morn
 The Saviour of the world was born,
 Pour'd forth seraphic songs ;
 Much more should we, of human race,
 Adore the wonders of his grace,
 To whom the grace belongs.

3 How wonderful, how vast his love,
 Who left the shining realms above ;
 Those happy seats of rest :
 How much for lost mankind he bore,
 Their peace and pardon to restore,
 Can never be express'd.

4 While we adore his boundless grace,
 And pious joy and mirth takes place
 Of sorrow, grief, and pain,
 Give glory to our God on high,
 And not, amidst the gen'ral joy,
 Forget good will to men.

5 Oh then, let heaven and earth rejoice,
 Creation's whole united voice,
 And hymn that happy day,
 When sin and Satan vanquish'd fell,
 And all the powers of death and hell
 Before his sov'reign sway.

HYMN 110. C. M.

1 ALL hail the power of Jesu's name !
 Let angels prostrate fall,
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 To crown him Lord of all.

From Jesus's side
 Flows plenteous redemption;
 Though your sins were increased
 As high as a mountain,
 His blood it flows freely:
 O come to this fountain.

Hallelujah, &c.

3 Blest Jesus, ride on,
 Thy kingdom is glorious,
 O'er sin, death, and hell,
 Thou wilt make us victorious.
 Thy name shall be praised,
 In the great congregation,
 And saints shall delight
 In ascribing salvation.

Hallelujah, &c.

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HYMN 110. C. M.

1 ALL hail the power of Jesu's name!
 Let angels prostrate fall,
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 To crown him Lord of all.

- 2 Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre ;
And as they tune it fall
Before his face who tunes their choir,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
He fix'd this floating ball ;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Crown him ye martyrs of your God,
Who from his altar call ;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,—
Ye ransom'd of the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 6 Hail him, ye heirs of David's line
Whom David, Lord did call ;
The God incarnate, man divine,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 7 Sinners ! whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go—spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 8 Let ev'ry tribe, and ev'ry tongue,
That hear the Saviour's call,
Now shout a universal song,
And crown him Lord of all.

HYMN 111. P. M.

1 HAIL! the blest morn when the great Me-
diator

Down from the regions of glory descends!
Shepherds, go visit the babe in a manger;
Lo! for his guard the bright angels attend.

CHORUS.

*Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid:
Star in the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer was laid.*

2 Cold on his cradle the dew drops are shining;
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him—in slumbers reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour, of all.

3 Say, shall we yield him in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom and offerings divine?
Gems from the mountain, and pearls from the
ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the
mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
All these, his favour can never secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearest to God are the prayers of the poor.

HYMN 112. P. M.

1 HEAR the royal proclamation,
The glad tidings of salvation,

Publishing to every creature,
To the ruin'd sons of nature.

CHORUS.

*Jesus reigns, he reigns victorious ;
Over heaven and earth most glorious
Jesus reigns.*

2 See the royal banner flying,
Hear the heralds loudly crying
"Rebel sinners, royal favour
Now is offer'd by the Saviour."

3 Hear ye sons of wrath and ruin,
Who have wrought your own undoing ;
Here is life and free salvation,
Offer'd to the whole creation.

4 Turn unto the Lord most holy,
Shun the paths of vice and folly ;
Turn, or you are lost for ever ;
Oh now turn to God the Saviour.

5 'T was for you that Jesus died,
For you he was crucified ;
Conquer'd death and rose to heaven,
Life eternal 's through him given.

6 Here is life, and milk, and honey,
Come and purchase without money ;
Mercy flowing like a fountain,
Streaming from the holy mountain.

7 For this love let rocks and mountains,
Purling streams and crystal fountains,
Roaring thunders, light'nings' blazes,
Shout the great Messiah's praises.

8 Now our hearts have caught new fire,
Brethren raise your voices higher,
Shout with joyful acclamation
To the King of our salvation.

9 Shout, ye tongues of every nation,
To the bounds of the creation ;
Shout the praise of Judah's Lion,
The Almighty Prince of Zion.

10 Shout, ye saints, make joyful mention,
Christ hath purchased our redemption ;
Angels shout the pleasing story,
Through the brighter worlds of glory.

HYMN 113. P. M.

- 1 My soul doth in Jesus rejoice,
My heart is o'erwhelm'd with his love ;
With pleasure I hear his sweet voice,
Which calls my affections above.
- 2 Farewell to all pleasures below,
Which nature and sense do afford ;
Their honours I'll freely forego,
They're nothing compared with my Lord.
- 3 All fulness in Jesus doth dwell,
All fulness of peace and of joy ;
His mercy redeem'd me from hell,—
His blood all my sins shall destroy.
- 4 From idols and filthiness clean,
Perfected in love I shall be ;
Then rise in his presence to reign,
His glorious perfections to see.

5 Yea, Lord, thy kind word I believe,
 My soul on thy promise I stay ;
 Thy Spirit the witness doth give,
 That like my dear Lord I shall be.

6 Kind Jesus, impatient I wait ;
 Now, Lord, the full blessing impart :
 In holiness make me complete,
 Then take me to dwell where thou art.

HYMN 114. P. M.

1 JESUS came into the world,
 And suffer'd to redeem us ;
 Then ascended up on high,
 And sent his grace to save us !

CHORUS.

*Ho ! every one that thirsts,
 Come ye to the waters,
 Freely drink and quench your thirst,
 With Zion's sons and daughters.*

2 Come all ye mourning weeping souls,
 Who long to be forgiven !
 We bring glad tidings unto you,
 From the high court of heaven.

Ho ! every one, &c.

3 There is a fountain open wide,
 For sin and all uncleanness,
 Streaming from the Saviour's side,
 It flows in gospel fulness.

Ho ! every one, &c.

4 Oh ! seek the circumcising grace,
 Be wise, do not refuse it ;

For if you seek your life to save,
You will be sure to lose it.

Ho ! every one, &c.

5 The cross of Christ you 'll have to bear,
Fearless of persecution ;
Or groan you must when time shall cease
In darkness and confusion.

Ho ! every one, &c.

6 Shall unbelief debar you from
The knowledge of your Saviour ?
Believe, and you 'll be justified !
Believe, and live for ever.

Ho ! every one, &c.

7 My night of sin and grief is gone,
My soul is fill'd with glory,—
Oh ! for a thousand tongues to sing
Love's animating story.

Ho ! every one, &c.

8 Let heaven and earth with me unite,
To sing and shout hosannah ;
The Lord has pardon'd all my sins,
And fill'd my soul with manna.

Ho ! every one, &c.

9 See the crowd that's gone before,
In paths of self-denial :
They stand on Canaan's happy shore,
And wait for your arrival.

Ho ! every one, &c.

10 Come on, ye followers of the Lamb,
Be ready for to meet them ;
Now let us join and persevere,
Till we arrive in heaven.

Ho ! every one, &c.

5 Yea, Lord, thy kind word I believe,
 My soul on thy promise I stay ;
 Thy Spirit the witness doth give,
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They stand on Canaan's happy shore,
And wait for your arrival.

Ho ! every one, &c.

10 Come on, ye followers of the Lamb,
Be ready for to meet them ;
Now let us join and persevere,
Till we arrive in heaven.

Ho ! every one, &c.

11 There we'll all together stand,
 And praise our God and Father;
 And sing and shout on Canaan's land,
 For ever and for ever.

Ho ! every one, &c.

HYMN 115. P. M.

1 LET all men rejoice, by Jesus restored;
 We lift up our voice, and call him our Lord;
 His joy is to bless us, and free us from thrall,
 From all that oppress us, he rescues us all.

2 Him Prophet, and King, and Priest, we pro-
 claim;
 We triumph and sing of Jesus's name;
 Poor idiots he teaches to show forth his praise,
 And tell of the riches of Jesus's grace.

3 No matter how dull the scholar whom he
 Takes into his school, and gives him to see;
 A wonderful fashion of teaching he hath,
 And wise to salvation he makes us through
 faith.

4 The wayfaring men, though fools, shall not
 stray,
 His method so plain, so easy the way;
 The simplest believer his promise may prove,
 And drink of the river of Jesus's love.

5 Yet not many wise his summons obey,
 And great ones despise so vulgar a way;
 And strong ones will never their helplessness
 own,
 Or stoop to find favour through mercy alone,

6 And therefore our God the outcasts hath
chose,

His righteousness show'd to heathens like us!
When wise ones rejected his offers of grace,
His goodness elected the foolish and base.

7 To baffle the wise, and noble, and strong,
He bade us arise, an impotent throng;
Poor ignorant wretches, we gladly embrace
A Prophet who teaches salvation by grace.

8 Poor outcasts of men, whose souls are de-
spised
And left with disdain, by Jesus are prized;
His gracious creation in us he makes known,
And brings us salvation, and calls us his own.

HYMN 116. P. M.

1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore:
All are too mean to speak thy worth,
Too mean to set thee, *Saviour*, forth.

2 But oh what gentle terms,
What condescending ways,
Doth our *Redeemer* use
To teach his heavenly grace!
Mine eyes with joy and wonder see
What forms of love he bears for me.

3 Array'd in mortal flesh,
Lo, the great *Angel* stands,

And holds the promises
 And pardons in his hands ;
 Commission'd from his Father's throne,
 To make his grace to mortals known.

4 Great *Prophet* of my God,
 My tongue shall bless thy name ;
 By thee the joyful news
 Of our salvation came ;
 The joyful news of sins forgiven,
 Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

5 Be thou my *counsellor*,
 My *pattern* and my *guide* ;
 And through this desert land
 Still keep me near thy side.
 Oh let my feet ne'er run astray,
 Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way.

6 I love my *Shepherd's* voice,
 His watchful eyes shall keep
 My wandering soul among
 The thousands of his sheep.
 He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
 His bosom bears the tender lambs.

Part the Second.

1 JESUS, my great *High-Priest*,
 Offer'd his blood and died ;
 My guilty conscience seeks
 No sacrifice beside.
 His powerful blood did once atone,
 And now it pleads before the throne.

2 O thou Almighty Lord,
 My *Conqueror* and *King*,
 Thy sceptre and thy sword,
 Thy reigning grace I sing :
 Thine is the power, behold I sit
 In willing bonds before thy feet.

3 Now let my soul arise,
 And tread the tempter down ;
 My *Captain* leads me forth
 To conquest and a crown :
 March on, nor fear to win the day,
 Though death and hell obstruct the way.

4 Should all the hosts of death,
 And powers of hell unknown,
 Put their most dreadful forms
 Of rage and mischief on ;
 I shall be safe, for Christ displays
 Superior power and guardian grace.

TRUSTING IN GRACE AND PROVIDENCE.

HYMN 117. P. M.

1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
 Is laid for your faith in his excellent word !
 What more can he say than to you he hath said,
 You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled ?

2 In every condition, in sickness, and health,
 In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth ;
 At home or abroad, on the land, on the sea,
 " As thy days may demand shall thy strength
 ever be.

3 " Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd !

I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid ;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee
to stand,

Upheld by my righteous, Omnipotent hand.

4 " When through the deep waters I call thee
to go,

The rivers of wo shall not thee o'erflow ;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 " When through fiery trials thy pathway
shall lie,

My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply ;
The flame shall not hurt thee ; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6 " E'en down to old age, all my people shall
prove

My sov'reign, eternal, unchangeable love ;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still on my bosom be
borne.

7 " The soul that on Jesus doth lean for repose
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes ;
That soul, though all hell should endeavour to
shake,

I'll never, no never, no never forsake."

HYMN 118. C. M.

P.M.

1 He that has God his guardian made,
Shall under the Almighty's shade
Secure and undisturb'd abide :

Thus to my soul of him I 'll say,
 He is my fortress and my stay,
 My God, in whom I will confide.

2 His tender love and watchful care
 Shall free thee from the fowler's snare;
 And from the noisome pestilence ;
 He over thee his wings shall spread,
 And cover thy unguarded head ;
 His truth shall be thy strong defence.

3 No terrors that surprise by night,
 Shall thy undaunted courage fright,
 Nor deadly shafts that fly by day,
 Nor plague, of unknown rise, that kills
 In darkness, nor infectious ills,
 That in the hottest season slay.

HYMN 119. P. M.

1 SEE the gloomy gath'ring cloud
 Hanging o'er a sinful land,
 Sure the Lord proclaims aloud,
 Times of trouble are at hand ;
 Happy they who love his name,
 They shall always find him near ;
 Though the earth were wrapt in flame,
 They have no just cause to fear.

2 Hark ! his voice in accents mild,
 (Oh how comforting and sweet !)
 Speaks to every humble child,
 Pointing out a sure retreat.
 " Come, and in my chambers hide ;
 To my saints of old well known ;

There you safely may abide,
Till the storm be overblown.

3 "You have only to repose
On my wisdom, love, and care :
When my wrath consumes my foes,
Mercy shall my children spare ;
While they perish in the flood,
You that bear my holy mark,
Sprinkled with atoning blood,
Shall be safe within the ark."

4 Sinners see the ark prepared,
Haste to enter while there's room ;
Though the Lord his arm has bared,
Mercy still suspends your doom ;
Seek him while there yet is hope,
Ere the day of grace be past,
Lest in wrath he give you up,
And this call shall prove your last.

HYMN 120. L. M.

1 Oh thou, by long experience tried,
Near whom no grief can long abide ;
My love ! how full of sweet content
I pass my years of banishment !

2 All scenes alike engaging prove,
To souls impress'd with sacred love ;
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in thee ;
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

3 To me remains nor place nor time ;
My country is in ev'ry clime ;

I can be calm, and free from care,
On any shore, since God is there.

4 While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none ;
But with a God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

5 Could I be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot ;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

6 I hold by nothing here below ;
Appoint my journey and I go ;
Though pierced by scorn, oppress'd by pride,
I feel thee good—feel nought beside.

7 No frowns of men can hurtful prove
To souls on fire with heavenly love ;
Though men and devils both contemn,
No gloomy days arise from them.

8 Ah then ! to his embrace repair ;
My soul thou art no stranger there ;
There love divine shall be thy guard,
And peace and safety thy reward.

HYMN 121. C. M.

1 "I LOVE the Lord," is still the strain
My heart delights to sing ;
Though oft my heart suggests again,
"Perhaps 't is no such thing."

2 Before the power of love divine
Creation fades away ;

Till only God is seen to shine
In all that we survey.

3 Nor exile I, nor prison fear;
Love makes my courage great;
I find a Saviour ev'ry where,
His grace in ev'ry state.

4 Nor castle walls, nor dungeons deep,
Exclude his quick'ning beams;
There I can sit, and sing, and weep,
And dwell on heavenly themes.

5 A Saviour kindles all my joys,
And sweetens all my pains;
His strength in my defence employs,
Consoles me, and sustains.

6 I fear no ill, resent no wrong,
Nor feel a passion move
When malice whets her sland'rous tongue;
Such patience is in love.

HYMN 122. C. M.

1 FAR from the world, oh Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem, by thy sweet bounty made,
For those who follow thee.

3 There if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,

Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love;
She communes with her God!

4 There like the nightingale she pours
Her solitary lays;

Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

5 Author and guardian of my life,
Sweet source of life divine,
And, (all harmonious names in one,)
My Saviour, thou art mine!

6 What thanks I owe thee, and what love!
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

HYMN 123. C. M.

1 God and his law are my delight,
My glory and my song;
My sure support by day and night,
The pleasure of my tongue.

2 When darkness overspreads my mind,
His word supports me still;
I'm there convinced that God is kind,
Though I no comfort feel.

3 Are my afflictions sharp and long?
Does pain extreme ensue?
God's word I trust, his arm is strong,
His wisdom bears me through.

4 Glory to thee, thou God of love,
For favours so divine;

Till only God is seen to shine
In all that we survey.

3 Nor exile I, nor prison fear;
Love makes my courage great;
I find a Saviour ev'ry where,
His grace in ev'ry state.

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Does pain extreme ensue?
God's word I trust, his arm is strong,
His wisdom bears me through.

4 Glory to thee, thou God of love,
For favours so divine;

Who taught my heart to soar above,
And made those blessings mine.

5 Had not thy word been my relief,
Had not thy truth sustain'd,
I must have perish'd in my grief,
No other help remain'd.

HYMN 124. S. M.

1 THE Lord my shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since he is mine and I am his,
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 While he affords his aid,
I'm free from ev'ry fear;
Though I should walk through death's dark
shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

4 In spite of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

5 The bounties of thy love,
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

HYMN 125. P. M.

1 **BEGONE**, unbelief, my Saviour is near,
 And for my relief will surely appear,
 By prayer let me wrestle, and he will perform ;
 With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.

2 Though dark be my way, since he is my
 guide,
 'Tis mine to obey, 't is his to provide ;
 Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all
 fail,
 The word he has spoken shall surely prevail.

3 His love in time past forbids me to think
 He 'll leave me at last in trouble to sink ;
 Each sweet ebenezer I have in review,
 Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite
 through.

4 Still willing to save, he watch'd o'er my path,
 When Satan's blind slave, I sported with death,
 And can he have taught me to trust in his name,
 And thus far have brought me to put me to
 shame ?

5 Why should I complain of want or distress,
 Temptation or pain ? he told me no less :
 The heirs of salvation, I know from his word,
 Through much tribulation must follow the
 Lord.

6 How bitter that cup, no heart can conceive,
 Which he drank quite up, that sinners might
 live ;

His way was much rougher and darker than
mine :

Did Jesus thus suffer ? and shall I repine ?

7 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food ;
Though painful at present, 't will cease before
long,

And then oh how pleasant the conqueror's song.

HYMN 126. L. M.

1 CHILDREN of God, renounce your fears ;
Lo, Jesus for your help appears,
And loudly speaks as he draws nigh,
"Be not afraid, for *it is I.*"

2 When in the awful tempest tost,
You felt your strength and courage lost,
And mighty waves roll o'er your head,
Your Lord is near, *be not afraid.*

3 When mournful tidings come from far,
Or nations raise tumultuous war,
And wide their devastations spread,
Yet he is near, *be not afraid.*

4 The famine, pestilence, and sword,
Are all obedient to his word ;
He, riding on the stormy sky,
Says, " Fear ye not, for *it is I.*"

5 When earthly joys are from you torn,
Or when with heartfelt grief you mourn
To see your dear relations dead ;
Yet Jesus lives, *be not afraid.*

6 When fierce disease attacks your frame,
Your Saviour's love is still the same ;
In death's dark shade you need not fear,
For Jesus will be with you there.

7 When stars are from their orbits hurl'd,
And flames consume the guilty world,
Ev'n then your Judge will smiling cry,
" Be not afraid, for *it is I.*"

HYMN 127. C. M.

- 1 Oh Lord, my best desire fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort, to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine !
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears ?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears ?
- 3 No, rather let me freely yield
What most I prize to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.
- 4 Wisdom and mercy guide my way,
Shall I resist them both ?
A poor blind creature of a day,
And crush'd before the moth !
- 5 But ah ! my inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway,
Else the next cloud that veils my skies
Drives all these thoughts away.

HYMN 128. L. M.

1 IN what confusion earth appears!
 God's dearest children bathed in tears;
 While they who heaven itself deride,
 Riot in luxury and pride.

2 But patient let my soul attend,
 And, ere I censure, view the end;
 That end, how different! who can tell
 The wide extremes of heaven and hell?

3 See the red flames around him twine,
 Who did in gold and purple shine!
 Nor can his tongue one drop obtain
 T' allay the scorching of his pain.

4 While round the saint, so poor below,
 Full rivers of salvation flow;
 On Abram's breast he leans his head,
 And banquets on celestial bread.

5 Jesus, my Saviour, let me share
 The meanest of thy servants' fare;
 May I at last approach to taste
 The blessings of thy marriage feast.

HYMN 129. P. M.

1 YE disciples of Jesus, attend,
 And ye sinners give ear to my call:
 I'll tell you what bliss on the saints shall de-
 scend,
 And what woes on the wicked shall fall.

- 2 The servant of God shall be blest
In his house, in his basket, and store :
In his daily employment, and nocturnal rest,
He shall heaven's rich bounty adore.
- 3 When famine shall spread through the land,
The children of God are secure,
Supplied by their Father's munificent hand,
Their water and bread shall be sure.
- 4 When nations are deluged in blood,
And cities consuming with flame,
No terrors shall seize on the servants of God,
Their trust is in Jesus's name.
- 5 But where shall his enemies hide
When his arrows of death are abroad ;
Oh ! who can the day of his vengeance abide,
If unshelter'd by Jesus's blood.
- 6 When the righteous in sickness shall lie,
And all earthly comforts are fled,
His soul fill'd with rapture shall mount up on
high,
While angels encompass his bed.
- 7 Not so with the servant of sin :
While his body is tortured with pain,
The wrath of the Lord shall consume him
within,
And Satan shall over him reign.
- 8 When the grim monster death shall draw nigh
And all his dark horrors shall bring,
The saint shall rejoice, and triumphantly cry,
" Oh conqueror ! where is thy sting ?"

9 But with terror and dreadful dismay
 He shall to the sinner appear,
 With a horrible tempest shall sweep him away
 To the gulf of eternal despair.

10 When the archangel's trumpet shall sound
 And the last solemn judgment proclaim ;
 No refuge shall then for the sinner be found
 From the vengeance of God and the Lamb.

11 But when nature shall sink into nought,
 The saints shall in beauty arise,
 And to the bright regions of glory be caught,
 To dwell with the Lord in the skies.

HYMN 130. L. M.

1 THE billows swell, the winds are high,
 Clouds overcast my wint'ry sky ;
 Out of the depths to thee I call,
 My fears are great, my strength is small.

2 Oh Lord, the pilot's part perform,
 And guide and guard me through the storm ;
 Defend me through each threat'ning ill,
 Control the waves, say, " Peace, be still."

3 Amidst the roaring of the sea,
 My soul still hangs her hope on thee ;
 Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
 Is all that saves me from despair.

4 Dangers of ev'ry shape and name
 Attend the followers of the Lamb,
 Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
 And leave it to return no more.

5 Though tempest-toss'd and half a wreck,
 My Saviour through the floods I seek ;
 Let neither winds nor stormy main
 Force back my shatter'd bark again.

HYMN 131. P. M.

1 THEY who trust in Christ the Saviour,
 Never shall confounded be :
 Through his merits all find favour
 Who to God for mercy flee.
 Though by guilt and sin depraved,
 Though by grief and fear oppress'd :
 Call upon him and be saved,
 He will give eternal rest.

2 He binds up the broken-hearted,
 He proclaims the pris'ner free ;
 None shall ever be deserted
 Who to him for refuge flee.
 Cast on him thy ev'ry burden,
 He thy spirit will sustain ;
 He hath promised peace and pardon,
 None shall seek his face in vain.

3 When with torrents of temptation
 Satan shall thy soul assail,
 Then the standard of salvation
 Shall against the foe prevail.
 He will give both grace and glory,
 No good thing will he deny ;
 He a table spreads before thee,
 And shall all thy wants supply.

HYMN 132. C. M.

- 1 THE Lord himself, the mighty Lord,
Vouchsafes to be my guide ;
The Shepherd by whose constant care
My wants are all supplied.
- 2 In tender grass he makes me feed,
And gently there repose ;
Then leads me to cool shades, and where
Refreshing water flows.
- 3 He does my wand'ring soul reclaim,
And to his endless praise,
Instruct with humble zeal to walk
In his most righteous ways.
- 4 I pass the gloomy vale of death,
From fear and danger free ;
For there his aiding rod and staff
Defend and comfort me.
- 5 In presence of my spiteful foes,
He does my table spread ;
He crowns my cup with cheerful wine,
With oil anoints my head.
- 6 Since God does thus his wondrous love
Through all my life extend,
That life to him I will devote,
And in his temple spend.

HYMN 133. L. M.

- 1 JESUS ! my pattern and my guide,
Oh let me at thy feet abide ;

And on thee cast my ev'ry care,
And daily give myself to prayer.

2 While I 'm sojourning here below,
Where, blessed Lord! where can I go,
But to thy throne and worship there,
And daily give myself to prayer?

3 Yes! at thy footstool, Lord, I 'll wait,
And tell thee all my mournful state;
My sins, and wants, and fears declare,
And daily give myself to prayer.

4 Though Satan rages at my soul,
And thund'ring tempests o'er me roll,
To seek thee, Lord, I can 't forbear,
But daily give myself to prayer.

5 Still in the strength of sov'reign grace,
I 'll wait and seek my Saviour's face;
Soon I a glorious crown shall share;
Till then I 'll give myself to prayer.

HYMN 134. P. M.

1 IN God let all his saints rejoice,
With thankful heart and cheerful voice:
Thus saith his word, so kind, so true,
"I, even I, will comfort you."

2 Sweet words! oh let us bless his name,
And joyful all his praise proclaim;
These words shall foes and fears subdue,
"I, even I, will comfort you."

3 Are you in darkness and distress?
Does Satan roar and break your peace?

Fear not, but still this truth review,
 "I, even I, will comfort you."

4 Do sore afflictions on you lay,
 And pungent sorrow day by day?
 Look to this word, 't will bear you through,
 "I, even I, will comfort you."

5 If death in gloomy form appear,
 And overwhelm your souls with fear;
 Let this sweet word your faith renew,
 "I, even I, will comfort you."

6 Thus while you sojourn here below,
 As pilgrims in this world of wo;
 Make this your song, your journey through,
 "I, even I, will comfort you."

7 And when each happy soul attains
 That blissful state where glory reigns,
 This song shall all his powers employ,
 "God is my comfort and my joy."

HYMN 135: C. M.

1 WITH joy let each afflicted saint,
 This cheering truth behold;
 That when he's tri'd he shall not faint,
 But shall come forth as gold.

2 This privilege, oh Lord! I claim,
 Nor am I here too bold,
 That from the trying, fiery flame,
 I may come forth as gold.

3 What though the furnace burns on high,
 Still to this truth I 'll hold,

'T is but designed my soul to try,
I shall come forth as gold.

4 Herein his wisdom and his love,
Will God to me unfold ;
And from the furnace I shall prove
He 'll bring me forth as gold.

5 He 'll kindly thus consume my dross,
So in his word I 'm told ;
Nor can I suffer real loss,
But shall come forth as gold.

6 Thus he 'll conform me to his word,
And cast me in that mould,
And through the goodness of my Lord
I shall come forth as gold.

7 Thus will I sing his praises here,
Whose mercies are of old,
And when in glory I appear,
I shall come forth as gold.

HYMN 136. C. M.

1 YE saints, attend the Saviour's voice,
Spoke in his word of grace ;
He says, and in it oh rejoice,
" In me ye shall have PEACE."

2 Though storms and tempests round you
 roar,
And foes and fears increase ;
He says, and what could he say more ?
" In me ye shall have PEACE."

3 What though afflictions still abound,
And troubles still increase ;
He says, and oh how sweet the sound,
" In me ye shall have PEACE."

4 What tho' your hearts with sorrow bleed,
And sighs and tears increase ;
He says, and oh 't is true indeed,
" In me ye shall have PEACE."

5 Though you shall pass through death's
cold flood
To gain your wish'd release,
He says, and sure he 'll make it good,
" In me ye shall have PEACE."

6 When you his face in glory view,
Where joy can ne'er decrease ;
Eternity shall prove it true,
" In me ye shall have PEACE."

HYMN 137. P. M.

1 JESUS, at thy command
I launch into the deep,
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep :
For thee I would the world resign,
And sail to heaven with thee and thine.

2 Thou art my pilot—wise ;
My compass is thy word :
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord :
I 'll trust thy faithfulness and power
To save me in the trying hour.

3 Though rocks and quicksands deep
 Through all my passage lie,
 Yet Christ will safely keep,
 And guard me with his eye :
 My anchor, hope, will firm abide,
 And ev'ry boisterous storm outride.

4 Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
 And storms forbear to toss ;
 Be thou, dear Lord, still nigh,
 Lest I should suffer loss :
 For more the treach'rous calm I dread
 Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

5 By faith I see the land,
 The port of endless rest ;
 My soul, thy sails expand,
 And fly to Jesu's breast :
 Oh may I gain the heavenly shore,
 Where winds and waves disturb no more.

6 Come, Holy Ghost, and blow
 A prosperous gale of grace :
 Waft me from all below,
 To heaven, my destined place :
 There in full sail, my port I'll find,
 And leave the world and sin behind.

HYMN 138. L. M.

1 COME, gracious Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
 With light and comfort from above ;
 Be thou our guardian, thou our guide,
 O'er every thought and step preside.

2 Conduct us safe, conduct us far,
From ev'ry sin and hurtful snare;
Lead to thy word, that rules must give,
And teach us lessons how to live.

3 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way;
Plant holy fears in ev'ry heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

4 Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God:
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his pastures stray.

5 Lead us to God, our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be bless'd:
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

HYMN 139. C. M.

1 THROUGH all the downward tract of time,
God's watchful eye surveys;
Oh who so wise to choose our lot,
Or regulate our ways.

2 I cannot doubt his bounteous love,
Unmeasurably kind;
To his unerring, gracious will,
Be ev'ry wish resign'd.

3 Good when he gives, supremely good,
Nor less when he denies;
Even crosses from his sov'reign hand
Are blessings in disguise.

4 In thy fair book of life divine,
 My God, inscribe my name ;
 There let me fill some humble place
 Beneath the slaughter'd Lamb.

HYMN 140. P. M.

1 If life's pleasures charm thee, give them not
 thy heart,
 Lest the gift ensnare thee from thy God to
 part ;

His favour seek, his praises speak,
 Fix here thy hope's foundation ;
 Serve him, and he will ever be
 The Rock of thy salvation.

2 If distress befall thee, painful though it be,
 Let not grief appal thee ; to thy Saviour flee :
 He ever near, thy prayer will hear,
 And calm thy perturbation :
 The waves of wo shall ne'er o'erflow
 The Rock of thy salvation.

3 When earth's prospects fail thee, let it not
 distress,
 Better comforts wait thee ; Christ will freely
 bless ;

To Jesus flee, thy prop he 'll be,
 Thy heavenly consolation :
 For griefs below cannot o'erthrow
 The Rock of thy salvation.

4 Dangers may approach thee, let them not
 alarm,
 Christ will ever watch thee, and protect from
 harm ;

He near thee stands, with mighty hands,
 To ward off each temptation :
 To Jesus fly, he 's ever nigh,
 The Rock of thy salvation.

5 Let not death alarm thee, shrink not from
 his blow,
 For thy God shall arm thee, and victory be-
 stow ;
 For death shall bring to thee no sting,
 The grave no desolation :
 'T is gain to die with Jesus nigh,
 The Rock of thy salvation.

HYMN 141. P. M.

1 WHITHER go'st thou, pilgrim stranger,
 Passing through this darksome vale ?
 Know'st thou not 'tis full of danger,
 And will not thy courage fail ?

*I'm bound for the kingdom,
 Will you go to glory with me ?
 Hallelujah, hallelujah.*

2 Pilgrim thou dost justly call me,
 Wandering o'er this waste so wide ;
 Yet no harm will e'er befall me
 While I'm blest with such a GUIDE.

I'm bound, &c.

3 Such a guide !—No guide attends thee,
 Hence for thee my fears arise ;
 If some guardian power befriends thee,
 'T is unseen by mortal eyes.

I'm bound, &c.

4 Yes, unseen—but still believe me,
 Such a Guide my steps attends ;
 He 'll in every strait relieve me—
 He from every harm defends.

I'm bound, &c.

5 Pilgrim ! see that stream before thee,
 Darkly winding through the vale ;
 Should its deadly waves roll o'er thee,
 Would not then thy courage fail ?

I'm bound, &c.

6 No : that stream has nothing frightful,
 To its brink my steps I bend ;
 There to plunge will be delightful,
 There my pilgrimage will end.

I'm bound, &c.

7 While I gazed—with speed surprising
 Down the stream she plunged from sight ;
 Gazing still, I saw her rising
 Like an angel, clothed with light.

I'm bound, &c.

HYMN 142 C. M.

1 THE glorious day is drawing nigh
 When Zion's light shall come ;
 She shall arise and shine on high,
 Bright as the morning sun.

The north and south their sons resign,
 And earth's strong pillars bend ;
 Adorn'd as a bride, Jerusalem
 All glorious shall descend.

2 The King that bears the golden crown,
 The azure flaming bow ;

The holy city shall bring down
 To bless his saints below.
 When Zion's bleeding, conqu'ring King,
 Shall sin and death destroy;
 The morning stars together sing,
 And Zion shout for joy.

3 The holy, bright, triumphant band
 Shall tune their harps of gold;
 With palms of vict'ry they shall stand,
 Fair Salem to behold.
 Descending with such melting strains,
 Jehovah's name adore:
 Such notes through earth's extensive plains
 Were never heard before!

4 Let Satan rage and boast no more,
 Ye fiends of darkness fly;
 Though saints are feeble, weak, and poor,
 Their great Redeemer's nigh.
 He is their shield—their hiding-place—
 A covert from the wind—
 A shady rock of boundless grace,
 Throughout this weary land.

5 The crystal streams run down from heaven,
 They issue from the throne;
 The floods of strife away are driven,
 The church becomes but one.
 That peaceful union she shall know,
 And live upon his love;
 And shout and sing of grace below,
 As angels do above!

HYMN 143. S. M.

- 1 GRACE, 't is a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man,
And all its wondrous steps display
That grace which drew the plan.
- 3 Grace drew my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road;
Thence new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing home to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.



CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

HYMN 144. C. M.

- 1 'T is past—the dreadful stormy night
Is gone with all its fears!
And now I see returning light—
The Lord, my Sun, appears.
- 2 The tempter, who but lately said,
I soon should be his prey,

Has heard my Saviour's voice, and fled
With shame and sad dismay.

3 Ah! Lord, since thou didst hide thy face,
What has my soul endured?

But now 't is past, I feel thy grace,
And all my wounds are cured.

4 Oh wondrous change! but just before,
Despair beset me round,
I heard the lion's horrid roar,
And trembled at the sound.

5 Before corruption, guilt, and fear,
My comforts blasted fell!
And unbelief discover'd near
The dreadful depths of hell.

6 But Jesus pitied my distress,
He heard my feeble cry,
Reveal'd his blood and righteousness,
And brought salvation nigh.

7 Lord, since thou thus hast broke my bands,
And set the captive free,
I would devote my tongue, my hands,
My heart, my all, to thee.

HYMN 145. P. M.

1 TEMPTED, tossed, troubled spirit,
Dost thou groan beneath thy load?
Fearing thou shalt not inherit
In the kingdom of thy God?
View thy Saviour on the mountain,
In temptation's painful hour;

Though of grace himself the fountain,
And the Lord of boundless power.

2 Do thy blooming prospects languish ?
Say'st thou still, " I 'm not his child ?"

View thy Saviour's dreadful anguish,
Famish'd in the gloomy wild.

Not a step in all thy journey,
Through this gloomy vale of tears,
But thy Lord hath trod before thee,
And thy way to glory clears.

3 Though through seas of tribulation
Jesus calls thee here to go,
He hath wrought thy great salvation
In far deeper seas of wo.

Jesus though by God anointed,
Christ, the coeternal Son,
As by love divine appointed,
Treads the winepress all alone.

4 Sinks thy soul in waves of sorrow ?
Pass o'er Kedron's rolling flood,
Witness there the doleful horror
Of the suffering Son of God.

There the victim, groaning, weeping,
Bears the wrath of God alone,
While his senseless followers sleeping,
Scarce regard a single groan.

5 On the chilly ground extended,
Lo he takes the bitter cup !
With Almighty vengeance blended,
Drinks the dreadful contents up !
Now the avenging sword pursues him
Up to Calv'ry's rugged brow :

There the wrath of God doth bruise him,
But *my soul* escapes the blow.

6 Glory, honour, power, and blessing,
Be unto the Father given :
Sing his praises without ceasing,
Sons of earth, and hosts of heaven.
Glory be to Christ the Saviour,
Who hath bought us with his blood ;
Glory to the blessed Spirit,
Glory to the mighty God.

HYMN 146. C. M.

- 1 COURAGE, my soul ! behold the prize
The Saviour's love provides :
Eternal life beyond the skies
For all whom here he guides.
The wicked cease from troubling there,
The weary are at rest ;
Sorrow, and sin, and pain, and care,
No more approach the blest.
- 2 A wicked world, and wicked heart,
With Satan now are join'd ;
Each acts a too successful part
In harassing my mind.
In conflict with this threefold troop,
How weary, Lord, am I ?
Did not thy promise bear me up,
My soul would faint and die.
- 3 But fighting in my Saviour's strength,
Though mighty are my foes,

I shall a conqu'ror prove at length
 O'er all that can oppose.
 Then why, my soul, complain or fear?
 The crown of glory see!
 The more I toil and suffer here,
 The sweeter rest will be.

HYMN 147. C. M.

- 1 SWEET rivers of redeeming love
 Lie just before mine eye ;
 Had I the pinions of a dove,
 I'd to those rivers fly ;
 I'd rise superior to my pain,
 With joy outstrip the wind ;
 I'd cross o'er Jordan's stormy waves,
 And leave the world behind.
- 2 A few more days, or years at most,
 My troubles will be o'er ;
 I hope to join the heavenly host
 On Canaan's happy shore.
 My raptured soul shall drink and feast
 In love's unbounded sea ;
 The glorious hope of endless rest
 Is ravishing to me.
- 3 Oh come, my Saviour, come away,
 And bear me to the sky !
 Nor let thy chariot-wheels delay—
 Make haste and bring it nigh :
 I long to see thy glorious face,
 And in thy image shine ;
 To triumph in victorious grace,
 And be for ever thine.

4 Then will I tune my harp of gold
 To my eternal King,
 Through ages that can ne'er be told
 I'll make thy praises ring.
 All hail, eternal Son of God,
 Who died on Calvary !
 Who bought me with his precious blood
 From endless misery.

5 Ten thousand thousand join in one
 To praise the eternal three,
 Prostrate before the blazing throne,
 In deep humility ;
 They rise and tune their harps of gold,
 And join the immortal choir,
 Through ages that can ne'er be told
 Shall raise his praises higher.

6 Salvation in sweet purling streams
 Through Canaan's land doth roll,
 Proceeding from the throne of God
 To bathe the pilgrim's soul ;
 Ten thousand thousand glitt'ring crowns,
 All set with diamonds bright !
 And there my Saviour Jesus reigns,
 Who is my heart's delight.

HYMN 148. P. M.

WAND'RING pilgrims, mourning Christians,
 Weak and tempted lambs of Christ,
 Who endure great tribulation,
 And with sin are sore distress'd ;
 Christ hath sent me to invite you,
 To a rich and costly feast :

Let not shame or pride prevent you,
Come, the rich provision taste.

2 If you have a heart lamenting,
And bemoan your wretched case,
Come to Jesus Christ, repenting,
He will give you gospel grace.
If you want a heart to fear him,
Love and serve him here below ;
With your troubles now draw near him,
He the blessing will bestow.

3 If, like poor Bartimeus blinded,
You bewail the want of sight :
Cry to Jesus, Son of David,
He will give you gospel light.
If like Mary, you 've been keeping
Seven devils in your embrace :
Fly, like her, to Jesus, weeping,
He will bid you go in peace.

4 If your heart is unbelieving,
Doubting Jesu's pardoning love ;—
Lie hard by Bethsaida, waiting
Till the troubled waters move.
If no one appear to help you,
All their efforts prove but talk :
Jesus ready waits to heal you,
He will bid you rise and walk.

5 If like Peter you are sinking
In the sea of unbelief ;
Wait with patient, constant praying,
Christ will grant you sweet relief.

Are you weary, heavy laden?
 He will give you sweet repose :
 Bear his light and easy burden,
 He shall conquer all your foes.

HYMN 149. P. M.

1 COME, all ye mourning pilgrims dear,
 Who 're bound for Canaan's land,
 Take courage and fight valiantly,
 Stand fast with sword in hand :
 Our Captain he is gone before,
 Our Father's only Son ;
 Then pilgrims dear, don't let us fear,
 But let us follow on.

2 Through a dark howling wilderness,
 To Canaan's peaceful shore ;
 A land of pits, and snares, and
 death,
 Where chilling winds do roar ;
 But Jesus will go through with us,
 And guard us by the way :
 Though enemies examine us,
 He 'll tell us what to say.

3 *Apol.* Good morning, brother traveller,
 Pray tell to me your name ;
 And whither you are trav'ling to ;
 Likewise from whence you came ?
Pil. My name it is bold pilgrim,
 To Canaan I am bound ;
 I'm from the howling wilderness,
 And the enchanted ground.

4 *Apol.* Pray what is that upon your head
 That shines so clear and bright ?
 Likewise the covering of your breast
 So dazzling to my sight ?
 What kind of shoes are those you wear
 On which you boldly stand ?
 Likewise the shining instrument
 You hold in your right hand ?

5 *Pil.* With glorious hope upon my head,
 And on my breast a shield,
 With this bright sword I mean to fight,
 Until I win the field ;
 My feet are shod with gospel peace,
 On which I boldly stand ;
 I mean to fight until I die,
 And gain fair Canaan's land.

6 *Apol.* You 'd better stay with me, young
 man,
 And give your journey o'er ;
 Your Captain now is out of sight,
 His face you 'll see no more.
 My name is old Apollyon,
 This land belongs to me,
 And for your arms and pilgrim's dress,
 I 'll give it all to thee.

7 " Oh no !" replies the pilgrim bold,
 " Your offer I disdain :
 A glitt'ring crown of righteousness
 I shortly shall obtain :
 If I continue faithful
 To my dear Lord's command,

- I shall be heir with him above
Of Canaan's fruitful land."
- 8 The pleasant fields of Canaan,
How beauteous to behold !
The valleys clad in living green !
The mountains tinged with gold !
The trees of life with heavenly fruit,
Behold how rich they stand ;
Blow, gentle gales, and bear my soul
Away to Canaan's land.
- 9 Sweet rivers of salvation
Through Canaan's land do roll ;
Bright beams of dazzling glory
Illuminate my soul.
Ten thousand thousand glitt'ring crowns,
All set with diamonds bright !
And there my Saviour Jesus reigns,
Who is my heart's delight.
- 10 Come, a'll ye mourning pilgrims dear,
Fresh courage take by me ;
Meanwhile I'll tell to you, my friends,
How I this land did see ;
Through faith, the glorious telescope,
I saw the worlds above,
And God the Father reconciled,
Which fills my soul with love.

HYMN 150. C. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the warlike trumpets blow,
And foes in arms appear,
To let the sons of freedom know
The day of battle's near.

- 2 The glorious Captain, Jesus, sends
The heralds of his might,
To search and try who are his friends,
And who will 'list to fight.
- 3 The gospel calls for volunteers
To come with heart and hand ;
Where is there one for Christ appears,
Against the foe to stand ?
- 4 Here 's bounty money to be given
To all his soldiers here,
And glorious crowns, and joy in heaven,
When Jesus shall appear.
- 5 Here 's dress, and food, and drink, and
arms,
And pay, and vict'ry 's sure ;
These are the Christian soldiers' charms,
Which make them wars endure.
- 6 Our Captain never quits the field ;
But fights before his men,
Until his foes are made to yield,
Or fall among the slain.
- 7 His foes can neither stand nor fly
When he appears in sight ;
But valiant souls shall never die
Who in his armies fight.
- 8 Let every Christian soldier come,
And with me courage take,
And boldly fight with heart and hand
For th' glorious Leader's sake.

9 Behold, dear Lord, I give my name,
A soldier I will be ;

Thy gracious promises I claim,
And give myself to thee.

10 He did, and does, and always will
Maintain his armies well,
And save them from temptation's snares,
And after death, from hell.

HYMN 151. S. M.

1 FROM Egypt lately freed
By the Redeemer's grace,
A rough and thorny path we tread
In hopes to see his face.

Hallelujah !

We are on our journey home.

2 The flesh dislikes the way,
But faith approves it well ;
This only leads to endless day,—
All others lead to hell.

3 The promised land of peace
Faith keeps in constant view ;
How diff'rent from the wilderness
We now are passing through !

4 Here often from our eyes
Clouds hide the light divine ;
There we shall have unclouded skies,
Our Sun will always shine.

5 Here griefs, and cares, and pains,
And fears distress us sore ;

But there eternal pleasure reigns,
And we shall weep no more.

6 The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from the face;
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.

7 Lord, pardon our complaints,
We follow at thy call;
The joy prepared for suff'ring saints
Will make amends for all.

8 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's
ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

HYMN 152. P. M.

1 YE sons of Mars, I pray draw near,
And 'list as gen'rous volunteers;
Become our royal brothers here,
I mean as valiant soldiers:
You 'll enter into present pay,
And feasting live from day to day:—
T' the right about, and march away,
And Jesus will support you.

2 Ye careless sons of Adam's race,
That long have trod in folly's ways,
Oh turn about, to Zion face,
And meet Apollyon's forces:

Gird on your sword, and glitt'ring shield,
 And with your helmet take the field;
 Then fight your way, and never yield,
 And Jesus will support you.

3 The bounty you shall have in hand,
 If you will 'list in Jesu's band,
 Your Captain in the front will stand,
 And beat your foes before you :
 Come, throw your rebel weapons down,
 And seek for honour and renown,
 And you shall wear a starry crown,
 For Jesus will support you.

4 You long have been the slaves of sin,
 With dire corruptions deep within;
 The Christian warfare now begin,
 And face Apollyon's army :
 The breastplate take of righteousness,
 Your feet be shod with gospel peace ;
 Be daily at the throne of grace,
 And Jesus will support you.

5 Desert the cause of heaven's foe,
 Before you 're plunged in endless wo ;
 Now courage take, to Jesus go,
 And he will soon receive you :
 From sin and Satan you 'll get free,
 And happy seasons you shall see,
 And gain the Christian's liberty,
 And Jesus will support you.

6 No more in Satan's ranks appear,
 But to our banner pray draw near ;
 We 'll gain the day, you need not fear,
 Though earth and hell oppose us :

Our Captain he is always brave,
And able still his men to save;
He conquer'd death, hell, and the grave,
And he will still support us.

7 Oh let not sinners you affright,
Although they rage, and vent their spite;
Use but the Christian's armour right,
And none can stand before you:
Although your parents should oppose,
And dearest friends become your foes,
Yet sweetly with the gospel close,
And Jesus will support you.

8 And when the war is at an end,
Our Captain still will be our friend ;
We'll wing our way and up ascend,
To reign with him in glory :
Then shall our tears be wiped away,
Our night be turn'd to endless day,
And on our golden harps we'll play,
And sing the song of Moses.

HYMN 153. L. M.

1 I 've 'listed in the holy war,
Sing glory, glory, hallelujah.
 Content to suffer soldiers' fare ;
Sing glory, &c.
 The banner over me is love,
Sing glory, &c.
 I draw my rations from above.
Sing glory, &c.

2 I've fought through many a battle sore,
And I must fight through many more ;

I'll take my breastplate, sword, and shield,
And boldly march into the field.

3 I've 'listed, and I mean to fight,
Till all my foes are put to flight;
And when the vict'ry I have won,
I'll give the praise to God alone.

4 Come, Christian heroes, go with me;
Come, face the foe, and never flee;
The heavenly battle is begun,
Come, take the field, and wear the crown.

5 With 'listing orders I am come—
Come rich, come poor, come old and young;
Here's bounty-money Christ has given,
And glorious crowns laid up in heaven.

6 Our General he is gone before,
And you may draw on grace's store:
But if you will not 'list and fight,

'T is awful.

You'll sink into eternal night.

'T is awful.

• HYMN 154. L. M.

1 My Captain sounds th' alarm of war,
Awake! the powers of hell are near;
"To arms! to arms!" I hear him cry,
"'T is yours to conquer or to die."

2 Roused by the animating sound,
I cast my eager eyes around;
Make haste to gird my armour on,
And bid each trembling fear begone.

3 Hope is my helmet, faith my shield,
 Thy word, my God, the sword I wield :
 With sacred truth my loins are girt,
 And holy zeal inspires my heart.

4 Thus arm'd, I venture on the fight,
 Resolved to put my foes to flight ;
 While Jesus kindly deigns to spread
 His conqu'ring banner o'er my head.

5 In him I hope, in him I trust ;
 His bleeding cross is all my boast ;
 Through troops of foes he 'll lead me on
 To vict'ry and the victor's crown.

HYMN 155. P. M.

1 Oh when shall I see Jesus,
 And dwell with him above ?
 And drink the flowing fountains
 Of everlasting love ?
 When shall I be deliver'd
 From this vain world of sin,
 And with my blessed Jesus
 Drink endless pleasures in ?

2 But now I am a soldier,
 My Captain's gone before ;
 He's given me my orders,
 And bids me not to fear :
 And if I hold out faithful,
 A crown of life he 'll give,
 And all his valiant soldiers
 Eternal life shall have.

3 Through grace I am determined
 To conquer, though I die,
 And then away to Jesus
 On wings of love I'll fly:
 Farewell to sin and sorrow,
 I bid you all adieu;
 And you, my friends, prove faithful,
 And on your way pursue.

4 And if you meet with trials
 And troubles on the way,
 Cast all your care on Jesus,
 And don't forget to pray:
 Gird on the heavenly armour
 Of faith, and hope, and love,
 And when your race is ended
 You'll reign with him above.

5 Oh do not be discouraged,
 For Jesus is your friend,
 And if you lack for knowledge,
 He'll not refuse to lend;
 Neither will he upbraid you,
 Though often you request:
 He'll give you grace to conquer,
 And take you up to rest.

HYMN 156. C. M.

1 YE weary, heavy-laden souls,
 Who are oppressed sore,
 Ye trav'lers through the wilderness,
 To Canaan's peaceful shore;
 Through chilling winds, and beating rains,
 And waters deep and cold,

And enemies surrounding us,
Take courage and be bold.

2 Though storms and hurricanes arise,
And desert all around ;
Though fiery serpents oft appear
Through this enchanted ground ;
Dark nights, and clouds, and gloomy fears,
And dragons often roar ;
Yet while the gospel trump we hear,
We 'll press for Canaan's shore.

3 We 're often like the lonesome dove,
Who mourns her absent mate—
From hill to hill she mournful flies,
Her sorrows to relate :
But Canaan's land is just before,
Sweet spring is coming on ;
A few more beating winds and rains,
And winter will be gone.

4 Sometimes, like mountains to the skies,
Bleak Jordan's billows roar,
Which often makes the pilgrim fear
He never will get o'er :
But let us gain Mount Pisgah's top,
And view the vernal plain ;
To fright our souls may Jordan roar,
And hell may rage in vain.

5 Methinks I now begin to see
The borders of that land ;
The trees of life with heavenly fruit
In beauteous order stand :
The winter time is past and gone,
Sweet flowers do appear ;

The fiftieth year is roll'd around,
The great sabbatic year.

6 Oh what a glorious sight appears
To my believing eyes!

Methinks I see Jerusalem
A city in the skies!

Oh that my faith were strong to raise
And bear my soul away!

I'd shout salvation to the Lamb
Through an eternal day.

7 By faith my gracious God I see
On his eternal throne;

At his right hand the loving Lamb,
And Spirit, Three in One:

The angels whisper me away,
Saying, "My brother, come;"

And I am willing to be gone
To my eternal home.

8 Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,
Who are for Canaan bound;

And should we never meet again
Till Gabriel's trump shall sound,

I hope that I shall meet you there,
On that delightful shore;

In mansions of eternal bliss,
Where parting is no more.

HYMN 157. L. M.

1 LIFT up your heads, Immanuel's friends,

Oh halle, halle, hallelujah,

And taste the pleasure Jesus sends;

Oh halle, halle, hallelujah,

Let nothing cause you to delay,
 Oh halle, halle, hallelujah,
 But hasten on the good old way,
 Oh halle, halle, hallelujah.

2 Our conflicts here, though great they be,
 Shall not prevent our victory,
 If we but strive, and watch, and pray,
 Like soldiers in the good old way.

3 Oh good old way ! how sweet thou art !
 May none of us from thee depart ;
 But may our actions always say
 We 're marching in the good old way.

4 Though Satan may his powers employ,
 Our happiness for to destroy ;
 Yet never fear, we 'll gain the day,
 And shout and sing the good old way.

5 The good old way is safe by night ;
 No mortal foe our souls shall fright,
 If all along throughout the day
 We 're walking in the good old way.

6 Ye valiant soldiers of the cross,
 Who count all earthly things but loss ;
 Continue still to watch and pray,
 And hasten on the good old way.

7 The pillar and the cloud before !
 The watchmen cry, the trumpets roar !
 Tall sons of Anak we will slay,
 And shout along the good old way.

8 The promised land is just in view,
And I 'm resolved to go with you :
Press on, my soul, and win the day,
By running in the good old way.

9 Then when on Pisgah's top we stand,
And view by faith that happy land ;
Our God will wipe all tears away,
When we have run the good old way.

10 Then, far beyond this mortal shore,
We 'll meet with those who 're gone before ;
And shout to think we 've gain'd the day,
By marching in the good old way.

HYMN 158. C. M.

1 HAPPY souls ! how fast you go,
And leave me far behind !
Dont stay for me for now I see
The Lord is good and kind.
Go on, go on, my soul says go,
And I 'll come after you :
Though I 'm behind, I feel inclined
To sing hosanna too.

2 God give you strength your race to run,
And keep your footsteps right ;
Though fast you go, and I so slow,
You are not out of sight.
When you get to that world above,
And all God's glory see ;
On that bright shore your journey's o'er,
Then look you out for me.

3 I 'm coming on fast as I can,
 Nor toil, nor danger fear;
 God give me strength, may I at length
 Be one among you there;
 Then altogether we shall meet,
 Together we will sing,
 Together we will praise our God
 And everlasting King.

HYMN 159. L. M.

1 THERE is a heaven above the skies,
 A heaven where pleasure never dies;
 A heaven I sometimes hope to see,
 Yet often fear 't is not for me.

*But Jesus, Jesus is my friend, oh hallelujah,
 Hallelujah, Jesus, Jesus is my friend.*

2 The way is difficult and strait,
 And narrow is the gospel gate;
 Ten thousand dangers are therein;
 Ten thousand snares to take me in.
 3 I travel through a world of foes,
 Through conflicts sore my spirit goes;
 The tempter cries, I ne'er shall stand,
 Nor reach fair Canaan's happy land.
 4 Through glimm'ring hopes, and gloomy
 fears,
 Dimly the heavenly way appears;
 But in this way methinks I see
 The track of Him who died for me.

Sweet Jesus, &c.

5 I trace the footsteps of my God,
 Who on the cross sustain'd my load:

'T was on that dark and doleful day,
In streaming blood he pass'd this way.

6 Come life, come death, come then what
will,

His footsteps I will follow still ;
Through dangers thick, and hell's alarms,
I shall be safe in his dear arms.

7 Then, oh my soul, arise and sing ;
Behold thy Saviour, Friend, and King !
With pleasing smiles he now looks down,
And cries, " Press on, and here 's the
crown."

O Jesus, &c.

8 " Prove faithful then a few more days,
Fight the good fight, and win the race,
And then thy soul with me shall reign,
Thy head a crown of glory gain."

9 My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;
Then burst the tomb with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

Sweet Jesus, &c.

HYMN 160. P. M.

1 COME, all ye weary trav'lers,
Come, let us join and sing
The everlasting praises
Of Jesus Christ our King ;
We 've had a tedious journey,
And tiresome, it is true ;
But see how many dangers
The Lord has brought us through.

2 At first when Jesus found us
 He call'd us unto him,
 And pointed out the danger
 Of falling into sin ;
 The world, the flesh, and Satan,
 Will prove a fatal snare,
 Unless we do reject them
 By faith and humble prayer.

3 But by our disobedience,
 With sorrow we confess,
 We 've had too long to wander
 In a dark wilderness ;
 Where we might soon have fainted
 In that enchanted ground,
 But now and then a cluster
 Of pleasant grapes we found.

4 The pleasant fruits of Canaan
 Give life, and joy, and peace ;
 Revive our drooping spirits,
 And faith and love increase.
 Confess your Lord and Master,
 And run at his command ;
 And hasten on your journey
 Unto the promised land.

5 In faith, and hope, and patience,
 We now are going on
 The pleasant way to Canaan,
 Where Jesus Christ is gone ;
 In peace and consolation
 We 're going to rejoice,
 And Jesus and his people
 For ever be our choice.

6 Sinners, why stand ye idle,
 While we do march along?
 Has conscience never told you
 That you are going wrong?
 Down the broad road to ruin,
 To bear an endless curse?
 Oh leave your ways of sinning,
 And come along with us.

7 But if you will refuse it,
 We bid you all farewell;
 We're on the way to Canaan,
 And you the way to hell:
 We're sorry thus to leave you,
 We'd rather you would go;
 Come, try a bleeding Saviour,
 And feel salvation flow.

8 Oh sinners! be awaken'd
 To see your dismal state;
 Repent and be converted,
 Before it be too late:
 Turn to the Lord by praying,
 And daily search his word;
 And never rest contented
 Until you find the Lord.

9 Now to the King immortal
 Be everlasting praise,
 For in his holy service
 We mean to spend our days,
 Till we arrive at Canaan,
 The shining world above,
 With everlasting praises
 To sing redeeming Love.

HYMN 161. C. M.

1 HARK! listen to the trumpeters!

They sound for volunteers!

On Zion's bright and flow'ry mount

Behold the officers—

Their horses white, their garments bright,

With crown and bow they stand,

Enlisting soldiers for their King,

To march for Canaan's land.

2 It sets my heart all in a flame;

A soldier I will be;

I will enlist, gird on my arms,

And fight for liberty.

They want no cowards in their band,

(They will their colours fly,)

But call for valiant-hearted men,

Who 're not afraid to die.

3 The armies now are in parade,

How martial they appear!

All arm'd and dress'd in uniform,

They look like men of war;

They follow their great General,

The great Eternal Lamb,

His garments stain'd with his own blood,—

King Jesus is his name.

4 The trumpet sounds, the armies shout,

And drive the host of hell;

How dreadful is our God in arms!

The great Immanuel!—

Sinners, enlist with Jesus Christ
 Th' eternal Son of God,
 And march with us to Canaan's land,
 Beyond the swelling flood.

5 There is a green and flow'ry field,
 Where fruits immortal grow ;
 There, clothed in white, the angels bright,
 Our great Redeemer know.
 We 'll shout and sing for evermore
 In that eternal world :

But Satan and his armies too,
 Shall down to hell be hurl'd.

6 Hold up your heads, ye soldiers bold,
 Redemption 's drawing nigh,
 We soon shall hear the trumpet sound,
 'T will shake both earth and sky ;
 In fiery chariots then we 'll fly,
 And leave the world on fire,
 And meet around the starry throne,
 To tune th' immortal lyre.

HYMN 162. P. M.

1 Oh ! that I had some humble place,
 Where I might hide from sorrow ;
 Where I might see my Saviour's face,
 And there be freed from terror.
 Oh ! had I wings like Noah's dove,
 I 'd leave this world and Satan ;
 And fly away to th' realms above,
 Where Jesus stands inviting.

2 My heart is often made to mourn,
 Because I 'm faint and feeble ;

And when my Saviour seems to frown,
 My soul is fill'd with trouble.
 But when he doth again return,
 And I repent my folly ;
 'T is then I after glory run,
 And still my Jesus follow.

3 I have my bitter and my sweet,
 While through this world I travel ;
 Sometimes I shout and then I weep ;
 Which makes my foes to marvel.
 But let them think, and think again,
 I feel I 'm bound for heaven ;
 I hope I shall with Jesus reign,
 I therefore still will praise him.

4 I want to live a Christian here ;
 I want to die while shouting ;
 I want to feel my Saviour near,
 When soul and body 's parting.
 I want to see bright angels stand,
 Awaiting to receive me ;
 To bear my soul to Canaan's land,
 Where Christ is gone before me,

HYMN 163. C. M.

1 AM I a soldier of the cross,
 A follower of the Lamb ?
 And shall I fear to own his cause,
 Or blush to speak his name ?

2 Must I be carried to the skies,
 On flow'ry beds of ease ;

Whilst others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas ?

3 Are there no foes for me to face ?
Must I not stem the flood ?

Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God ?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign :
Increase my courage, Lord :
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they die,
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

HYMN 164. P. M.

1 DARK and thorny is the desert
Through which pilgrims make their way ;
Yet beyond this vale of sorrow
Lie the fields of endless day :
Fiends, loud howling through the desert,
Make them tremble as they go,
And the fiery darts of Satan
Often bring their courage low.

2 Oh young soldiers, are you weary
Of the roughness of the way ;

Does your strength begin to fail you,
And your vigour to decay?

Jesus, Jesus, will go with you;
He will lead you to his throne;
He who dyed his garments for you,
And the winepress trod alone.

3 He whose thunder shakes creation,
He who bids the planets roll;
He who rides upon the tempest,
And whose sceptre sways the whole:
Round him are ten thousand angels,
Ready to obey command;
They are always hov'ring round you,
Till you reach the heavenly land.

4 There, on flow'ry hills of pleasure,
Lie the fields of endless rest;
Love and joy, and peace for ever,
Reign and triumph in your breast:
Who can paint the scenes of glory
Where the ransom'd dwell on high;
They on golden harps for ever
Sound redemption through the sky!

5 There's a million flaming seraphs
Who fly across the heavenly plain,
Where they sing immortal praises;
Glory, glory, is their strain.
But methinks a sweeter concert
Makes the heavenly arches ring;
And the song is heard in Zion,
Which the angels cannot sing.

6 Oh their crowns! how bright they sparkle,
Such as monarchs never wore;

They are gone to richer pastures ;
 Jesus is their Shepherd there.
 Hail ! ye happy, happy spirits,
 Death no more shall make you fear ;
 Grief nor sorrow, pain nor anguish,
 Shall no more distress you there.

HYMN 165. P. M.

1 THROUGH tribulations deep
 The way to glory is ;
 This stormy course I keep
 On these tempestuous seas :
 By waves and winds I 'm toss'd and driven,
 Freighted with grace, and bound to heaven.

2 Sometimes temptations blow
 A dreadful hurricane ;
 And high the waters flow,
 And o'er my sides break in :
 But still my little ship outbraves
 The blust'ring winds and surging waves.

3 When I in my distress
 My anchor, hope, can cast
 Within the promises,
 It holds my vessel fast :
 Safely she then at anchor rides,
 'Midst stormy winds and swelling tides.

4 If a dead calm ensues,
 And heaven no breezes give,
 The oar of prayer I use,
 I tug, and toil, and strive :
 Through storms and calms for many a day
 I make but very little way.

5 But when a heavenly breeze
 Springs up and fills my sail,
 My vessel goes with ease
 Before the pleasant gale ;
 And runs as much an hour or more,
 As in a month or two before.

6 Hid by the clouds from sight,
 The sun doth not appear ;
 Nor can I in the night
 Behold the moon or star ;
 Sometimes for days and weeks, or more,
 I cannot see the sky or shore.

7 As at the time of noon
 My quadrant, FAITH, I take,
 To view my CHRIST, my Sun,
 If he the clouds should break :
 I 'm happy when his face I see,
 I know then whereabouts I be.

8 The Bible is my chart,
 By it the seas I know ;
 I cannot with it part,
 It rocks and sands doth show :
 It is a chart and compass too,
 Whose needle points for ever true.

9 I keep aloof from pride,
 These rocks I pass with care ;
 I studiously avoid
 The whirlpool of despair :
 Presumption's quicksands too I shun,
 Near them I do not choose to run.

10 When through a strait I go,
 Or near some coast am drove,
 The plummet forth I throw,
 And thus my safety prove :
 My conscience is the line which I
 Fathom the depth of water by.

11 My vessel would be lost
 In spite of all my care,
 But that the Holy Ghost
 Himself vouchsafes to steer :
 And I through all my voyages will
 Depend upon my steerman's skill.

12 Ere I can reach heaven's coast
 I must a gulf pass through,
 Which fatal proves to most,—
 For all this passage go :
 But all death's waves can't me o'erwhelm,
 If God himself is at the helm.

13 When through the gulf I get,
 (Though rough, it is but short,)
 The pilot angels meet,
 And bring me into port :
 And when I land on that blest shore,
 I shall be safe for evermore.

HYMN 166. P. M.

1 WHILE shepherds in Jewry were guarding
 their sheep,
 Promiscuously seated estranged from sleep,
 An angel from heaven presented to view,
 And thus he accosted the trembling few :

“Dispel all your sorrows, and banish your fears,
For Jesus your Saviour in Jewry appears.

2 “Though Adam the first in rebellion was
found,

Forbidden to tarry on hallowed ground;
Yet Adam the second appears to retrieve
The loss ye sustain’d by the devil and Eve:
Then shepherds be tranquil, this instant arise,
Go visit your Saviour, and see where he lies.

3 “A token I leave you, whereby you may find
This wonderful stranger, this friend to man-
kind;

A manger his cradle, the stall his abode,
The oxen are near him, beholding your God.
Then shepherds be humble, be meek, and lie
low,

For Jesus your Saviour’s abundantly so.”

4 This wonderful story no sooner was heard,
Than thousands of angels from glory appear’d;
They join’d in a concert, and this was their
theme,

“All glory to God, and goodwill towards men:
Then shepherds strike in, join your voice to
the choir,

And catch a few sparks of celestial fire.”

5 “Hosanna,” the angels in ecstasy cried;
“Hosanna,” the wondering shepherds replied:
“Salvation, redemption, all centred in one,
All glory to God for the birth of his Son:
Then shepherds adieu, we commend you to
God;

Go visit the Son in his humble abode.”

6 To Bethlehem city the shepherds repair'd,
 For full confirmation of what they had heard;
 They enter'd the stable with aspect most mild,
 And there they beheld both the mother and
 child :

Then make proclamation, divulge it abroad,
 That both Jews and Gentiles may hear from
 their God.

7 Ye preachers be faithful, your duty discharge,

Be fervent and zealous, your promise is large;
 Fear not to declare the whole counsel of God;
 Like comets you 'll blaze while you travel the
 road :

Go make proclamation, declare it abroad,
 Tell the gentle and simple to come to the Lord.

HYMN 167. P. M.

1 SITTING by the streams that glide
 Down by Babel's towering wall;
 With our tears we swell the tide,
 While our mournful thoughts recall
 Thee, oh Zion, and thy fall.

2 On the willows there we hung
 Our neglected harps on high;
 Silent, useless, and unstrung,
 Strangers now to harmony,
 Once our business and our joy.

3 Then our proud triumphant foes,
 Haughty, insolent, and gay,
 Call for music in our woes,

Sing us some sweet Hebrew lay,
Sacred to some holy day.

4 Cruel foes, t' insult us so,
Sunk so deep in helpless grief,
Sighs and tears to vent our wo,
Now our only poor relief,
To the charms of music deaf.

5 Oh Jerusalem! oh thy fate
Wounds my bleeding heart so deep;
Let my trembling hands forget
How the tuneful lyre to sweep,
When for thee I cease to weep.



CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

HYMN 168. C. M.

1 OUR souls by love together knit,
Cemented, mix'd in one,
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
'T is heaven on earth begun;
Our hearts have burn'd while Jesus spoke,
And glow'd with sacred fire;
He stopp'd, and talk'd, and fed, and bless'd,
And fill'd the enlarged desire.

*A Saviour let creation sing:
A Saviour let all heaven ring;
He's God with us, we feel him ours,
His fulness in our souls he pours;
'T is almost done, 't is almost o'er,
We're joining those who're gone before;
We soon shall meet to part no more.*

2 We 're soldiers fighting for our God,
 Let trembling cowards fly ;
 We 'll stand unshaken, firm, and fix'd,
 With Christ to live and die :
 Let devils rage, and hell assail,
 We 'll cut our passage through ;
 Let foes unite, and friends desert,
 We 'll seize the crown, our due.

3 The little cloud increases still,
 The heavens are big with rain ;
 We haste to catch the teeming shower,
 And all its moisture drain :
 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows,
 But pour the mighty flood ;
 Oh sweep the nations, shake the earth,
 Till all proclaim thee God.

4 When thou shalt make thy jewels up,
 And set thy starry crown ;
 When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
 By thee proclaim'd thine own ;
 May we, a little band of love,
 Be sinners saved by grace ;
 From glory into glory changed,
 Behold thee face to face.

HYMN 169. C. M.

1 UNITED in affection dear,
 With hearts on Jesus set ;
 We trust our God will meet us here,
 Who in his name are met :
 Our minds from earthly cares set free,
 And fix'd on joys above ;

Each hope, each wish, each prayer shall be,
To share a Saviour's love.

2 Oh could we, Lord, make others know
The pleasures which we feel;
What comforts from thy goodness flow,
A sinner's wounds to heal;
Soon would the heedless, vain, and gay,
Thy goodness strive to prove;
Forsake their sins, and seek the way
To find a Saviour's love.

3 If to reform their wicked ways
All gentle means should fail,
The terrors which thy power displays,
Against them may prevail;
Proud sinners, humbled by thy wrath,
Shall trembling kiss the rod;
Oh sweep the nations, shake the earth,
Till all proclaim thee God.

HYMN 170. P. M.

1 THE sacred ties of friendship
Unite all loving Christians;
In glory, in glory they shall live:
No time or place shall change them,
And death shall ne'er dissolve them,
United, united are they that believe!
When Gabriel's trump is sounding,
And conquer'd death's resigning
The scatter'd dust uniting,

The soul and body joining,
 All join the grand procession,
 And glory realizing,
 Then happy, happy we shall be.

2 The bliss exquisite flowing,
 The friends of Jesus shouting,
 (Such raptures, raptures flow from his word!)
 The angels join in concert,
 While Jesus stands inviting;
 Come on, come on, ye blessed of the Lord;
 Behold the crowns of glory,
 And saints and angels meeting,
 And living streams of purest joy
 For ever are increasing;
 In azure fields for ever range,
 And view a smiling Jesus,
 Then happy, happy we shall be.

3 The sinner's now lamenting;
 He sees the grand procession
 Now marching, marching to the dazzling
 throne:
 His frightened soul alarm'd,
 He cries with looks amazed,
 Farewell, farewell, I am for ever gone!
 Behold a godly father,
 And there a godly mother,
 Who once did pray together:
 They drink the streams of pleasure,
 But I am lost for ever
 On waves of endless sorrow,
 Then torment, torment is for ever mine.

HYMN 171. C. M.

- 1 BLESSED is the man whose tender heart
Feels all another's pain ;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never raised in vain.
- 2 Whose breast expands with gen'rous
warmth
A stranger's wo to feel ;
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.
- 3 He spreads his kind supporting arms
To every child of grief :
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unask'd relief.
- 4 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow ;
He views through mercy's melting eye
A brother in his foe.
- 5 To him protection shall be shown ;
And mercy from above
Descends on those who thus fulfil
The perfect law of love.

HYMN 172. L. M.

- 1 How sweet is the cordial of love !
A balm to the sorrowful soul :
It flows from the Fountain above,
And makes the disconsolate whole.

- 2 How happy the souls that are blest,
And sprinkled with Jesus's blood !
That lean on Immanuel's breast,
And live in communion with God !
- 3 This heavenly sweetness below
Is common to all that believe :
The joys of communion they know,
In bonds of affection they live.
- 4 While striving to gain the blest shore,
They mutual succour afford ;
They look to the haven before,
And follow their Captain and Lord.
- 5 Their joys, that on earth are begun,
Will soon be completed above :
Their labour below will be done
When lost in the ocean of love.
- 6 There all the ship's company meet,
Who sail with their Saviour below ;
Their union will then be complete,
And sorrow they never shall know.

HYMN 173. P. M.

- 1 YE jewels of my Master,
Who shine with heavenly rays,
Amidst the beams of glory
Reflect immortal blaze.
Ye diamonds of beauty,
With pleasing lustre crown'd,
Of heavenly extraction,
To Zion's city bound.

2 Ye lambs of my Redeemer,
 The purchase of his blood,
 Who feed among the lilies,
 Beside the purple flood ;
 Go on, ye happy pilgrims,
 Your journey still pursue,
 And at a humble distance
 I 'll sing and follow too.

3 When I beheld your order,
 And harmony of soul ;
 And heard divinest numbers
 In pure devotion roll,
 And gems immortal glowing
 With such enlivening grace,
 I view'd the Saviour's image
 Impress'd on every face.

4 Speak often to each other,
 To cheer the fainting mind,
 And often be your voices
 In pure devotion join'd :
 Though trials may await you,
 The crown before you lies ;
 Take courage, brother pilgrims,
 And soon you 'll win the prize.

5 Ye shall be mine, says Jesus,
 In that auspicious day,
 When I make up my jewels,
 Releas'd from cumbrous clay.
 He 'll polish and refine you
 From worthless dross and tin,
 And to his heavenly kingdom
 Will bid you enter in.

6 On that important morning,
 When bursting thunders sound,
 And nimble lightnings waving,
 Shall wing the gloom profound,
 Lift up your heads rejoicing,
 And clap your joyful hands ;
 Lo ! you 're redeem'd for ever
 From death's corrupted bands.

7 As Aaron, with his girdle
 In shining jewels drest,
 Bore all the tribes of Israel
 Inscribed upon his breast,
 So will the priests of Zion,
 Before the Father's throne
 Present the heirs of glory,
 And God their kindred own.

8 The golden bells will echo
 Around the sacred hill ;
 And sweet immortal anthems,
 The vocal regions fill ;
 In everlasting beauty
 The shining millions stand,
 Safe on the rock of ages,
 Amid the promised land.

9 We 'll range the wide dominion
 Of our Redeemer round,
 And in dissolving raptures
 Be lost in love profound :
 While all the flaming harpers
 Begin the lasting song,
 With hallelujahs rolling
 From the unnumber'd throng.

HYMN 174. C. M.

- 1 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those that love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfil his word.
- 2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrows flow from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.
- 3 When, free from envy, scorn and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love.
- 4 When love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows;
When union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glows.
- 5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he 's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.

HYMN 175. C. M.

- 1 In all my Lord's appointed ways,
My journey I'll pursue;
Hinder me not, ye much loved saints,
For I must go with you.
- 2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus leads;
I'll follow where he goes:

Hinder me not shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.

3 Through duty and through trials too,
I'll go at his command,
Hinder me not, for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.

4 And when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be,
"Hinder me not, come welcome death,
I'll gladly go with thee."

HYMN 176. P. M.

1 PEOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around.
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort no where found—
Now to you my spirit turns—
Turns, a fugitive unblest;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
Oh receive me to your rest.

2 Lonely, I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave,
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave.
Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more;
Ev'ry idol I resign.

3 Tell me not of gain and loss,
Ease, enjoyment, pomp and power;

Welcome poverty and cross,
 Shame, reproach, affliction's hour ;
 "Follow me," I know thy voice—
 Jesus, Lord, thy steps I see ;
 Now I take thy yoke by choice,
 Light thy burden now to me.

HYMN 177. C. M.

- 1 WHAT poor despised company,
 Of travellers are these,
 That walk in yonder narrow way,
 Along the rugged maze ?
- 2 Ah, these are of a royal line,
 All children of a King ;
 Heirs of immortal crowns divine,
 And lo ! for joy they sing.
- 3 Why then do they appear so mean,
 And why so much despised ?
 Because of their rich robes unseen,
 The word is not apprised.
- 4 But some of them seem poor, distress'd,
 And lacking daily bread ;
 Ah, they 're of boundless wealth possess'd,
 With hidden manna fed.
- 5 But why keep they that narrow road,
 That rugged thorny maze ?
 Why that 's the way their leader trod,—
 They love and keep his ways.
- 6 Why do they shun the pleasing path,
 That worldlings love so well ?

Because that is the road to death,
The open road to hell.

7 What, is there then no other road,
To Salem's happy ground?
Christ is the only way to God,
No other can be found.

HYMN 178. P. M.

1 THE Christians of old, united in one,
As sheep in a fold were never alone;
As birds of a feather they flock'd to their nest,
And shelter'd together in Jesus's breast.

2 However employ'd, their joy was the same;
They never were cloy'd in hymning the Lamb;
Their sole recreation to sing of his praise,
And publish salvation by Jesus's grace.

3 Small learning they had, and wanted no
more,
Not many could read, but all could adore;
No help from the college or school they re-
ceived,
Content with his knowledge in whom they
believed.

4 No riches had they, but riches of grace;
No fondness for play, or passion for praise;
No moments of leisure for trifling employs,
Possess of the treasure in God to rejoice.

5 Men in their own eyes were children again,
And children were wise and solid as men;

The women were fearful of nothing but sin,
 Their hearts were all cheerful, their consciences clean.

6 Wrapt up in their Lord, his service and love,
 They lived and adored, like angels above ;
 To keep in his favour their lives they laid
 down,
 And now with their Saviour inherit the crown.

HYMN 179. P. M.

1 OH where are the men with virtue endow'd,
 To live as did then the servants of God ?
 The ancient example, who shows us again,
 Courageous to trample on pleasure and pain !

2 Oh Jesus, on us the blessing bestow,
 Us little ones choose thy glory to show ;
 In this generation thy witnesses raise ;
 The heirs of salvation, the vessels of grace.

3 Accept our desire, and give us thy love,
 Thy children inspire with faith from above ;
 Purge out the old leaven, and early convert,
 And open a heaven of grace in our heart.

4 Begotten again and principled right,
 Good works to maintain, and walk in thy light ;
 We then shall recover that vigour of grace,
 And gladly live over those primitive days.

5 Our moments below shall pleasantly glide,
 While nothing we know but Christ crucified ;
 Our whole conversation in songs shall approve,
 Thy wonderful passion, thy ransoming love.

6 And if we must win the crown, like our God,
 And strive against sin resisting to blood,
 We more than victorious o'er death shall arise;
 All happy and glorious with Christ in the skies.

—◆—
PROSPECT OF HEAVEN.

HYMN 180. C. M.

- 1 WHEN languor and disease invade
 This trembling house of clay,
 'T is sweet to look beyond our cage,
 And long to fly away.
- 2 Sweet to look inward and attend
 The whispers of his love,
 Sweet to look upward to the place
 Where Jesus pleads above.
- 3 Sweet to look back and see my name
 In life's fair book set down,
 Sweet to look forward, and behold
 Eternal joys my own.
- 4 If such the sweetness of the streams,
 What must the fountain be?
 Where saints and angels draw the bliss
 Immediately from Thee.

HYMN 181. C. M.

- 1 BOLD soldiers all, on you I call,
 Although you are but few:
 When you've done all, stand fast, and keep
 The glorious prize in view!

The time draws nigh when you and I
 Must cross bold Jordan's flood :
 On wings of love we 'll soar above,
 And scale the mount of God.

2 The city hath foundations twelve,
 And golden gates the same—
 All paved and set with diamonds bright,
 On each engraved a name.
 All round the mantling towers, shine
 The walls of dazzling gold ;
 No mortal eye can reach so high,
 Those glories to behold.

3 I long to see that heavenly place,
 And to return no more ;
 I long to sing redeeming grace
 On Canaan's dazzling shore.
 I long to see my blessed God,
 Who saved my soul from hell ;
 I long to see my brethren there,
 Whom I do love so well.

4 Bright shining armies there to join,
 Adoring round the throne,
 And everlasting praises sing,
 To the great Three in One.
 There parents and the children too,
 May join the heavenly throng—
 I hope to meet my brethren there,
 And then renew my song.

5 My soul is rising, while I sing,
 Towards the blissful goal :
 I feel the love of Christ, my King,
 Now running through my soul.

My soul is struggling to be gone
 To those bright worlds above,
 To shout and sing redeeming grace,
 In strains of perfect love.

HYMN 182. C. M.

1 JERUSALEM! my happy home!
 Oh how I long for thee!
 When will my sorrows have an end!
 Thy joys when shall I see?

*Oh the place, the happy place!
 The place where Jesus reigns:
 The place where Christians all shall meet,
 Never to part again.*

2 Thy walls are all of precious stones,
 Most glorious to behold!
 Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
 Thy streets are paved with gold.

3 Thy gardens and thy pleasant fruits
 My study long have been;
 Such sparkling light by human sight
 Has never yet been seen.

4 If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,
 Why should I stay from thence:
 What folly 's this, that I should dread
 To die and go from hence.

5 Reach down, reach down thine arm of
 grace,
 And cause me to ascend,
 Where congregations ne'er break up,
 And sabbaths never end.

- 6 When wilt thou come to me, oh Lord!
Come, oh my Lord most dear,
Come, blessed Saviour, nearer still,
I'm well when thou art near.
- 7 Jesus, my love, to glory's gone,
Him will I go and see,
And all my brethren here below,
I hope will follow me.
- 8 My friends, I bid you all adieu,
I leave you in God's care;
And if I here no more see you,
Go on, I'll meet you there.
- 9 We there shall meet no more to part,
And heaven shall ring with praise;
While Jesu's love in every heart,
Shall tune the song free grace.
- 10 Millions of years around may run,
Our song will still go on,
To praise the Father and the Son,
And Spirit, Three in One.
- 11 When we've been there ten thousand
years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun.
- 12 Jerusalem, my happy home!
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my labours have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

HYMN 183. P. M.

- 1 YE travellers to paradise,
 (That happy, happy state!)
 Whose name, and ways, and spirit,
 A wicked world doth hate;
 Your highway lies before you,
 And upward doth ascend,
 And leads you on to glory,
 To see your dearest Friend.
- 2 A Friend that 's nearer to you
 Than any brother here,
 Your Lord and only Saviour,
 Your great Redeemer dear;
 Who once a human body
 Upon himself did take,
 Us sinners heirs of glory
 Eternally to make.
- 3 Who suffer'd, bled, and groan'd, and died
 Upon the Roman cross,
 To make atonement for our sins,
 And to retrieve our loss.
 He gain'd our pardon when he died,
 And so removed the curse,
 And then ascended up on high
 To intercede for us.
- 4 Exalted there, at God's right-hand,
 The loving Lamb doth sit,
 And shows his wounded body,
 His head, his hands, his feet;

He pleads his matchless merit
 Before his Father's throne,
 And sends us down his Spirit,
 And holds us out a crown.

5 Oh brethren, look upon that crown,
 And see how bright it shines !

Exceeding far in lustre

Diana's silver shrines ;
 Its value is immensely great,
 Surpassing human thought ;
 So rich a crown was never yet
 For gold or silver bought.

6 A crown of life, of endless life !

The gracious gift of God !

To which you have a title

Through faith in Jesu's blood ;
 And you your title still may hold ;
 And now by faith may view
 The Lamb once slain, but risen again
 To intercede for you.

7 Don't you grow faint and weary,

As many a one hath done,

But finish well your journey,

As you have now begun ;

You 're on a state of trial,

But it will shortly end ;

And you 'll ascend to glory

To see your dearest Friend.

8 Not transiently to visit,

(And then to earth remove,)

But dwell for ever with the Lord,

And live upon his love ;

Your sin shall cease to trouble there,
 Temptations will be o'er ;
 Oh brethren, keep a closer walk,
 And love your Jesus more.

HYMN 184. P. M.

- 1 There is a land of pleasure,
 Where streams of joy for ever roll,
 'T is there I have my treasure,
 And there I long to rest my soul.
 Long darkness dwelt around me,
 With scarcely once a cheering ray ;
 But since my Saviour found me,
 A lamp has shone along my way.
- 2 My way is full of danger ;
 But 't is the path that leads to God,
 And like a faithful soldier,
 I 'll boldly march along the road.
 Now I must gird my sword on,
 My breastplate, helmet, and my shield,
 And fight the host of Satan,
 Until I reach the heavenly field.
- 3 I 'm on my way to Zion,
 Still guided by my Saviour's hand ;
 Oh come along, dear sinners,
 And see Immanuel's happy land :
 To all who stay behind me,
 I bid a long, a *long* farewell ;
 Come now, or you 'll repent it,
 When you shall reach the gates of hell.
- 4 The vale of tears surrounds me,
 And Jordan's current rolls before ;

- Oh how I stand and tremble
 To hear the dismal waters roar !
 Whose hand shall then support me,
 And keep my soul from sinking there ?
 From sinking down to darkness,
 And to the regions of despair ?
- 5 The stream shall not affright me,
 Although 't is deeper than the grave ;
 If Jesus stands beside me
 I 'll smoothly ride on Jordan's wave :
 His word has calm'd the ocean,
 His lamp has cheer'd the gloomy vale,
 Oh ! may this Friend be with me
 While through the gates of death I sail !
- 6 Come then, thou king of terrors,
 And with thy dagger lay me low—
 I then shall reach those regions
 Where everlasting pleasures flow.
 Oh sinners ! shall I leave you ?
 No more to join your social band !
 No more to stand beside you,
 Till at the judgment bar we stand ?
- 7 Soon the archangel's trumpet
 Shall shake the globe from pole to pole,
 And all the wheels of nature
 Shall in a moment cease to roll ;
 Then we shall see the Saviour,
 With shining ranks of angels come,
 To execute his vengeance,
 And take his faithful servants home.
- 8 Then, sinners, you 'll be driven
 Down to the lake of fire and pain,

To scream in flaming sulphur,
 And never to return again,—
 Then, sinners, you 'll remember
 Who warn'd you of that dreadful end ;
 While th' smoking of your torment
 In pitchy clouds shall up ascend,

HYMN 185. L. M.

- 1 COME, ye that love the Lord indeed,
 Who are from sin and bondage freed,
 Submit to all the ways of God;
 And walk the narrow happy road.
- 2 Great tribulation you shall meet,
 But soon shall walk the golden street ;
 Though hell may rage, and vent her spite,
 Yet Christ will save his heart's delight.
- 3 That happy day will soon appear,
 When Gabriel's trumpet you shall hear
 Sound through the earth, and down to hell,
 To call the nations great and small.
- 4 Behold the earth in burning flames,
 The trumpet louder still proclaims ;
 The earth must hear and know her doom,
 The separation day is come.
- 5 Behold the righteous marching home,
 And all the angels bid them come ;
 When Christ himself these words proclaims,
 " Here are my saints, I know their names.
- 6 " Ye everlasting gates, fly wide,
 Make ready to receive my bride ;

Ye harps of heaven, sound aloud,
Here comes the purchase of my blood!"

7 In grandeur see the royal line
In glitt'ring robes the sun outshine;
See saints and angels join in one,
And march in splendour to the throne.

8 They stand in wonder, and look on,
They join in one eternal song,
The great Redeemer to admire,
While rapture sweeps the golden lyre.

9 They've fought the fight, their race is run,
Their joys are now in heaven begun;
Their tears are gone, their sorrows flee,
No more afflicted now like me.

HYMN 186. P. M.

1 DEATH, he is the king of terrors,
And a terror unto kings;
Oft he fills our minds with horrors,
Telling us of frightful things;
Lands of darkness, shades of silence,
Gloomy vaults where pris'ners lie:
How many thousands he has conquer'd!
We, alas! must shortly die!—

2 "Yes, I'm Death, I fear not any,
Children, husbands, or their wives;
Nor am I ever bribed by money—
Physic will not save their lives:
Deaf I am to all entreaties,
When commission'd, forth I go;

With mortal paleness on my features,
Thus I give the fatal blow!

3 "See, weak man, how unexpected,
In my chariot forth I ride!
Fierce convulsions, pains, and fevers,
Are the weapons by my side.
Kingdoms, countries, or their cities,
Kings, their councils, or their slaves;
None of these mine eyes have pitied,
Quick I bring them to their graves.

4 "See them lie without distinction!
Thus I boast my thousands slain;
Nor can reason's comprehension
E'er behold them rise again."—
Stop, oh Death! don't boast of vict'ry;
Stop and hear what faith can say;
Our blessed Jesus, glorious Saviour!
Was entomb'd near Calvary.

5 See him rising! hear him triumph!
"I, oh Death! have conquer'd you;
Though thy looks are so dismaying
To my saints, I'll bring them through.
This gives cause for all believers
To rejoice in Christ their King;
Death's no more than a dark curtain,
Drawn to let my saints come in.

6 "There the wicked cease from troubling,
There the weary are at rest;
There my saints do cease from suff'ring,
There they are divinely blest;

Free from sin, and free from sorrow,
 Free from sickness, care, and pain;
 No gloomy thoughts, or dismal horrors,
 E'er shall frighten them again."

7 Thus the saints in holy triumph
 May rejoice in Christ their King;
 Ask the grave, "Where is thy vict'ry?
 Boasting death! where is thy sting?"
 If sin be pardon'd through the Saviour,
 Though the grave my flesh annoy,
 Death's but the gate to endless glory,
 Gate to everlasting joy.

HYMN 187. C. M.

1 WHEN death appears before my sight,
 In all his dread array,
 Unequal to the dreadful fight,
 My courage dies away.

2 But see my glorious Leader nigh!
 My Lord, my Saviour, lives:
 Before him death's pale terrors fly,
 And my faint heart revives.

3 He left his dazzling throne above,
 He met the tyrant's dart;
 And (oh amazing power of love!)
 Received it in his heart.

4 No more, oh grim destroyer, boast
 Thy universal sway;
 To heaven-born souls thy sting is lost,
 Thy night, the gates of day.

5 Lord, I commit my soul to thee,
 Accept the sacred trust ;
 Receive this nobler part of me,
 And watch my sleeping dust.

6 Till that illustrious morning come,
 When all thy saints shall rise,
 And clothed in full immortal bloom,
 Attend thee to the skies.

7 When thy triumphant armies sing
 The honours of thy name,
 And heaven's eternal arches ring
 With glory to the Lamb,

8 Oh let me join the raptured lays,
 And with the blissful throng
 Resound salvation, power, and praise,
 In everlasting song.

HYMN 188. C. M.

1 ARISE and shine, oh Zion fair,
 Behold thy light is come !
 Thy glorious conq'ring King is near,
 To take his exiles home :
 The trumpet sounding through the sky,
 To set poor captives free ;
 The day of wonder now is nigh,
 The year of jubilee.

2 Ye heralds, blow your trumpets loud,
 The earth must know her doom ;
 Go spread the news from pole to pole,
 Behold the Judge is come :

Blow out the sun! burn up the earth!
 Consume the rolling flood!
 While every star shall disappear,
 Go turn the moon to blood!

3 Arise, ye nations under ground,
 Before the Judge appear;
 All tongues and languages shall come,
 Their final doom to hear!
 King Jesus on his dazzling throne,
 Ten thousand angels round;
 And Gabriel with a silver trump,
 Echoes the awful sound!

4 The glorious news of gospel grace
 To sinners now is o'er;
 The trump in Zion now is still,
 And to be heard no more!
 The watchmen all have left their walls,
 And with their flocks above;
 On Canaan's peaceful shore they sing,
 And shout redeeming love!

5 Come on, my brethren in the Lord,
 Whose hearts are join'd in one;
 Hold up your heads with courage bold,
 Your race is almost run:
 Above the clouds behold him stand,
 And smiling bids you come;
 And angels whisp'ring you away
 To your eternal home.

Second Part.

- 1 To see a pilgrim as he dies,
 With glory in his view ;
 To heaven he lifts his longing eyes,
 And bids the world adieu :
 While friends are weeping all around,
 And loth to let him go ;
 He shouts with his expiring breath,
 And leaves them all below !

- 2 Oh Christians ! are you ready now
 To cross the swelling flood ?
 On Canaan's happy shore behold,
 And see your smiling God :
 The dazzling charms of that bright world
 Attract my soul above ;
 My tongue shall shout redeeming grace
 When perfected in love.

- 3 Go on, my brethren in the Lord,
 I'm bound to meet you there ;
 Although we tread enchanted ground,
 Be bold, and never fear :
 Fight on, fight on, ye valiant souls,
 (Your Captain is in view ;)
 And when I gain fair Canaan's land,
 I hope to meet with you.

- 4 Salvation through our conqu'ring King,
 Now let the echo fly ;
 While they repeat the song above,
 Through armies in the sky.

Oh Christians ! help me praise the Lamb,
 Who died for you and me !
 We 'll sing his praises as we go,
 And shout eternally.

5 Go on, my brethren in the Lord,
 Until we meet again,
 Perhaps in time, or as we rise
 Above the fiery main ;
 We 'll join the heavenly armies bright,
 In presence of the Lamb,
 And tune our harps, and sing free grace,
 In love's eternal flame.

HYMN 189. P. M.

1 HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken,
 " Oh my people, faint and few ;
 Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
 Fair abodes I build for you ;
 Thorns of heartfelt tribulation
 Shall no more perplex your ways ;
 You shall name your walls salvation,
 And your gates shall all be praise.

2 " There, like streams that feed the garden,
 Pleasures without end shall flow ;
 For the Lord your faith rewarding,
 All his bounty shall bestow :
 Still in undisturb'd possession,
 Peace and righteousness shall reign ;
 Never shall you feel oppression,
 Hear the voice of war again.

3 "Ye no more your suns descending,
 Waning moons no more shall see;
 But, your griefs for ever ending,
 Find eternal noon in Me.
 God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
 Change to day the gloom of night;
 He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
 God your everlasting light."

HYMN 190. P. M.

1 I 'LL sing my Saviour's grace,
 And his dear name I 'll praise
 While in this land of sorrow I remain:
 My troubles soon will end,
 And my soul will ascend,
 When freed from this dull clod of cumbrous
 clay.

2 A pilgrim here below,
 While in this vale of wo,
 I live in exile, mourning like the dove:
 My days in sorrow roll,
 And my weary soul
 With earnest longings pants to mount above.

3 Though few my days have been,
 Much trouble I have seen,
 And deep afflictions I have waded through;
 For thorny is the way
 To eternal day;
 Yet forward will I press, and onward go.

4 Another day is gone,
 And yon declining sun
 Has veil'd his radiant beams in sable shades;

While gloomy darkness reigns
 O'er the extensive plains,
 And awful silence closes up the scene.

5 Thus rapid flies away
 Every succeeding day,
 And life's declining light draws to a close;
 This life's short setting sun
 Will soon in death go down,
 And lay my weary limbs in sweet repose.

6 On eagles' wings of love
 Then I shall mount above,
 And find my passage safe to endless day:
 Then happy, sweet surprise!
 What great new wonders rise,
 When freed from this dull clod of cumbrous
 clay.

7 Oh! what a glorious sight,
 And what supreme delight,
 Will strike my raptured eyes when I be-
 hold—
 When Salem's gates I see
 Open fly to me,
 And streets of glitt'ring fine transparent
 gold.

8 But oh! and shall I then
 Behold the Friend of men—
 The man who suffer'd, bled, and died for me;
 Who bore my load of sin,
 Sorrow, and grief, and pain,
 To make me happy, and to set me free?

9 To living fountains then,
 And to rich pastures green,
 To trees of paradise he leads his lambs;
 While millions falling down,
 Prostrated all around,
 And at his footstool cast their glitt'ring
 crowns.

10 Ye heavenly arches ring,
 Sing hallelujahs ! sing,
 Hail ! holy, holy, holy bleeding Lamb ;
 Once we were dead in sin,
 But now we live again,
 And glory, glory, glory to his name.

HYMN 191. P. M.

- 1 FAR above yon glorious ceiling
 Of the azure vaulted sky,
 Jesus sits, his love revealing
 To his splendid troops on high.
- 2 Hosts seraphic humbly bowing,
 At his feet they prostrate fall ;
 Saints and angels all avowing,
 God in Christ is all in all.
- 3 Could we leave our foolish dreaming
 Of a fancied heaven below,
 And see Jesu's glory beaming,
 How our souls would long to go.
- 4 Earth by us would then be spurned,
 All its vanity subside ;
 Fuel fit for to be burned,
 All its honours, pleasures, pride.

5 From the general conflagration
 We should to God's refuge fly;
 Clasp the hope of our salvation,
 Live in Christ, in Jesus die.

6 We in him our rest regaining,
 All its blessedness should prove;
 O'er our foes victorious reigning,
 Perfected in spotless love.

7 We should for his day be waiting,
 When the full reward is given;
 When the glorious work's completed,
 Jesus takes his church to heaven.

8 Pure from every stain of nature,
 There in holiness to shine;
 Moulded like its great Creator,
 All immortal, all divine.

HYMN 192. P. M.

1 THERE shall we reign with Jesus, on that
 delightful shore,
 And shout with the redeemed, our trials are
 all o'er;
 The wicked cease from troubling, the weary
 are at rest,
 And we shall reign with Jesus, eternal ages
 blest.

2 We shall be like the angels, in that immortal throng,
 And shout aloud salvation, 't will be our last-
 ing song:

They sing creating goodness, and we redeem-
ing love,
And this shall be our business in the bright
worlds above.

3 This love so freely flowing, it animates our
hearts,

This love is still abounding in every place and
part ;

This love can ne'er be ended, though faith and
hope should cease ;

This love can ne'er be bounded, but ever will
increase.

4 This love through endless ages it ever is the
same ;

'T is this our heart engages to love and serve
the Lamb :

Unites us all together, and makes us of one
soul ;

It is the balm of Gilead, it makes the wounded
whole.

HYMN 193. P. M.

1 There is a holy city,
A happy world above,
Beyond the starry regions,
Built by the God of love ;
An everlasting temple,
And saints array'd in white,
They serve their great Redeemer,
They dwell with him in light.

2 It is no world of trouble,
 The God of peace is there,
 He wipes away their sorrows,
 He banishes their care ;
 Their joys are still increasing,
 Their songs are ever new,
 They praise th' eternal Father,
 The Son and Spirit too.

3 The meanest child of glory
 Outshines the radiant sun ;
 But who can speak the splendour
 Of that eternal throne,
 Where Jesus sits exalted,
 In godlike majesty ?
 The elders fall before him,
 The angels bend the knee.

4 Is this the man of sorrows,
 Who stood at Pilate's bar,
 Condemn'd by haughty Herod,
 And by his men of war ?
 He seems a mighty conqu'ror,
 Who spoil'd the powers below,
 And ransom'd many captives
 From everlasting wo.

5 The hosts of saints around him,
 Proclaim his work of grace ;
 The patriarchs and prophets,
 And all the godly race ;
 Who speak of fiery trials
 And tortures on their way ;
 They came from tribulation,
 To everlasting day.

- 6 Now with a holy transport,
 They tell their suff'rings o'er,
 Their tears and their temptations,
 And all the pains they bore ;
 They turn and bow to Jesus,
 Who gained their liberty :
 Amid our fiercest dangers,
 Our lives are hid in thee.
- 7 Long time I was invited
 To gain that heavenly rest ;
 Grace made no hard condition,
 'T was only to be bless'd ;
 But earth's bewitching pleasures
 Inclined me long to stay ;
 I sought her dreams and shadows,
 And joys that pass away.
- 8 But now it is my purpose
 The better way to find ;
 To serve my great Creator,
 And leave my sins behind ;
 In guilt's seducing mazes
 I will no longer roam ;
 I'll give my soul to Jesus,
 Who brings the ransom'd home.
- 9 And what shall be my journey,
 How long I'll stay below,
 Or what shall be my trials,
 Are not for me to know :
 In every day of trouble
 I'll raise my thoughts on high ;
 I'll think of the bright temple,
 And crowns above the sky.

HYMN 194. P. M.

1 WITH pleasure behold
 The city of gold,
 How beautiful, lovely, and bright ;
 Coming down from above,
 In its beauty and love,
 Adorned with glory and light ;
 Prepared as a bride,
 For Immanuel's side ;
 Let angels rejoice at the sight :
 Jerusalem new
 Its glory doth show,
 The wisdom of God and his might.

2 Its walls great and high,
 Behold it with joy,
 Think of it, ye saints, with delight ;
 Behold its foundation
 With great admiration,
 With precious stones garnished bright ;
 It lieth four square,
 A golden reed there,
 With angels to measure it right ;
 Consider with pleasure,
 Its equal in measure,
 Its length, breadth and height are alike.

3 Twelve angels there waits,
 At twelve holy gates,
 The righteous rejoice when they enter ;
 For they will behold,
 A city of gold,
 The tree of life placed in the centre :

There proceeds from the throne
 Of the King whom they own,
 A river, of water of life ;
 As crystal it 's clear,
 As wine it doth cheer
 The heart of the bride, the Lamb's wife.

4 There those who do well,
 With Jesus shall dwell,
 For ever and ever in peace ;
 They need not the moon,
 Nor the bright shining sun,
 In so glorious and holy a place.
 God's glory will shine,
 And give light divine,
 Therefore it will never be night :
 What raptures are there !
 All heaven will share,
 It 's perfectly filled with light.

5 The saints shall there reign
 With the Lamb that was slain,
 The face of their King they will see ;
 There standing before him,
 To love and adore him,
 His name in their foreheads will be.
 Great joy will be there,
 The righteous will share,
 While angels their voices are raising ;
 How pleasant the singing,
 Melodiously ringing,
 • While saints are in harmony praising.

6 How pleasant their singing,
 Melodious ringing,

All praising with cheerfullest voices ;
 What melodious sounds
 Are echoing round,
 While all in that city rejoices.
 How rich and how great,
 How good and complete,
 That city which God will prepare ;
 How pure and how holy,
 And full of bright glory,
 How beautiful, lovely, and fair.

HYMN 195. L. M.

1 WHEN shall thy lovely face be seen?
 When shall our eyes behold our God?
 What lengths of distance lie between!
 And hills of guilt! A heavy load.

2 Ye heavenly gates, loose all your chains,
 Let the eternal pillars bow ;
 Blest Saviour, cleave the starry plains,
 And make the crystal fountains flow.

3 Hark! how thy saints unite their cries,
 And pray and wait the gen'ral doom ;
 Come thou! the soul of all our joys ;
 Thou, the desire of nations, come !

4 Our heart-strings groan with deep com-
 plaint,
 Our flesh lies panting, Lord, for thee ;
 And every limb and every joint
 Stretches for immortality.

5 Now let our cheerful eyes survey
 The blazing earth and melting hills ;

And smile to see the lightnings play,
And flash along before thy wheels.

6 Hark! what a shout of violent joys
Joins with the mighty trumpet's sound!
The angel-herald shakes the skies,
Awakes the graves, and tears the ground,

7 Ye slumb'ring saints, a heavenly host
Stands waiting at your gaping tombs:
Let every sacred, sleeping dust
Leap into life, for Jesus comes.

8 Jesus, the God of might and love,
New moulds our limbs of cumb'rous clay;
Quick as seraphic flames we move,
To reign with him in endless day.

HYMN 196. L. M.

1 FLUTT'RING soul, what dost thou here
Pinion'd with a load of clay?

Poor afflicted sojourner,
Shake thy wings and fly away:
From the mournful valley fly,
Break the cage, and reach the sky.

2 What doth this low earth afford,
Worthy an immortal mind?
Man, its miserable lord,
Can he here his equal find?
Fallen, yet in ruins great,
Sinks the world beneath his weight.

3 Oh! that all the pain were past,
Never, never to return!

Might I but escape at last,
 Cease at once to live and mourn,
 Grasp through death th' immortal prize,
 Meet my God in paradise.

HYMN 197. P. M.

- 1 GREAT Redeemer, friend of sinners,
 Thou hast wondrous power to save ;
 Grant me grace, and still protect me,
 Over life's tempestuous wave :
 May my soul with sacred transport,
 View the dawn while yet afar ;
 And until the sun arises,
 Lead me by the morning star.
- 2 Oh what madness ! oh what folly !
 That my heart should go astray,
 After vain and foolish trifles—
 Trifles only of a day :
 This vain world, with all its pleasures,
 Very soon will be no more ;
 There 's no object worth admiring,
 But the God whom we adore.
- 3 See the happy spirits waiting
 On the banks beyond the stream ;
 Sweet responses still repeating,
 Jesus, Jesus is their theme.
 Hark ! they whisper ; lo ! they call me,
 Sister spirit come away ;
 Lo ! I come ; earth can 't contain me,—
 Hail the realms of endless day.

4 Swiftly roll, ye ling'ring hours,
 Seraphs lend your glitt'ring wings;
 Love absorbs my ransom'd powers,
 Heavenly sounds around me ring:
 Worlds of light and crowns of glory,
 Far above yon azure sky;
 Though by faith I now behold you,
 I'll enjoy you soon on high.



RESURRECTION AND JUDGMENT.

HYMN 198. P. M.

1 THE final trump we soon shall hear,
 The great white throne shall then appear,
 Ten thousand angels round:
 Jehovah turns the moon to blood,
 Blows out the sun, consumes the flood,
 And burns the solid ground.

2 Arise, ye nations, and come forth,
 From east and west, and south and north;
 Behold, the Judge is come!
 What horror strikes the guilty breast,
 Compell'd to stand the solemn test,
 And hear their final doom.

3 " Depart, ye cursed, down to hell,
 With howling fiends for ever dwell,
 No more to see my face:
 My gospel calls you have withstood,
 And trampled on my precious blood,
 And laugh'd at offer'd grace."

4 See parents and their children part—
Some shout for joy, some bleed in heart,
Never to meet again.

In fiery chariots Zion flies,
And quickly gains the upper skies,
On Canaan's dazzling plain.

5 My soul is struggling to be there,
I long to rise and wing the air,
To trace the heavenly road.

Adieu, adieu, all earthly things—
O that I had an angel's wings!
I'd quickly see my God.

HYMN 199. C. M.

1 BEHOLD, that great and awful day
Of parting soon will come,
When sinners must be hurl'd away,
And Christians gather'd home.

2 Sinners among the damn'd shall lie,
Bound with a fiery chain;
And gnash their teeth, and howl, and cry,
And wring their hands in vain.

3 "Now hail! all hail! ye frightful ghosts!
With whom I once did dwell,
And spent my days in frantic mirth,
And danced my soul to hell.

4 "You once did draw me into sin,
To dance, and sport, and please:
With devils now you must combine
My torments to increase."

5 Perhaps the parent sees the child
Sink down to endless pain,
With howls, and shrieks, and bitter cries,
Never to rise again.

6 Perhaps the child the parents view,
Driven headlong down to hell;
Departing with the damned crew,
And bid their child farewell.

7 The sister may the brother see,
For whom she 'd wept and pray'd,
Sink down to endless misery,
To dwell among the dead.

8 The husband sees his piteous wife,
With whom he once did dwell,
Depart with groans, and bitter cries—
“ My husband, fare you well !”

9 But oh ! perhaps the wife may see
The man she once did love,
Doom'd to eternal misery,
While she is crown'd above.

10 Then shall the saints through grace
divine,
Drink in perpetual bliss ;
In God's delightful image shine,
And dwell where Jesus is.

11 Oh how it melts my soul to think
Of meeting round the throne !
Eternal joys we then shall drink,
Where sorrows never come.

12 There tears shall all be wiped away,
 And glory shall begin;
 The Lamb of God will smiling say,
 "Come in, my saints, come in."

HYMN 200. P. M.

- 1 DAY of Judgment, day of wonders!
 Hark! the trumpet's awful sound!
 Louder than ten thousand thunders,
 Shakes the vast creation round!
 How the summons
 Will the sinner's heart confound!
- 2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
 Clothed in majesty divine!
 You who long for his appearing,
 Then shall say, "This God is mine."
 Gracious Saviour!
 Own me on that day for thine.
- 3 At his call the dead awaken,
 Rise to life from earth and sea;
 All the powers of nature shaken,
 By his looks prepare to flee:
 Careless sinner,
 What will then become of thee?
- 4 Horrors past imagination
 Will then surprise your trembling heart,
 When you hear your condemnation,
 "Hence, accursed wretch, depart!
 Thou with Satan
 And his angels have thy part!"

5 But to those who have confessed,
 Saved and served your Lord below,
 He will say, "Come in, ye blessed,
 See the kingdom I bestow :

You for ever
 Shall my love in glory know."

6 Under sorrows and reproaches,
 Let this thought our courage raise ;
 Swiftly God's great day approaches,
 Sighs shall then be turn'd to praise :

May we triumph
 When this world is in a blaze.

HYMN 201. P. M.

1 SEE th' eternal Judge descending,
 Seated on his Father's throne ;
 Now, poor sinner ! Christ shall show thee
 He is the eternal Son :

Trumpets call thee,
 Come to hear thy awful doom.

2 Hear the sinner thus lamenting
 At the thoughts of future pain :
 Cries and tears he now is venting,
 But he cries and weeps in vain ;

Greatly mourning
 That he ne'er was born again.

3 "Yonder stands the glorious Saviour,
 With the marks of dying love ;
 Oh that I had sought his favour,
 When I felt his Spirit move !

Doomed justly,
 For I have against him strove.

- 4 " All his warnings I have slighted,
While he daily sought my soul ;
If some vows to him I plighted,
Yet for sin I broke the whole :
Golden moments,
How neglected did they roll !
- 5 " Yonder stand my godly neighbours,
Who were once despised by me ;
They are clad in dazzling splendour,
Waiting my sad fate to see—
Farewell neighbours,
Dismal gulf! I 'm bound for thee !
- 6 " Hail, ye ghosts that dwell in darkness !
Groaning, rattling of your chains ;
Christ has now denounced our sentence,
We must dwell in endless pains—
Down I 'm rolling,
Never to return again.
- 7 " Now experience plainly shows me
Hell is not a fabled thing ;
Lo, I see my friends in glory,
Round the throne they ever sing :
I 'm tormented
By an everlasting sting."

HYMN 202. P. M.

- 1 YONDER see the Lord descending!
(Hark! his chariot 's drawing nigh ;)
The starry vault before him rending,
Flaming troops ascend the sky.

Heaven's shaking, earth now quaking,
Mountains fly before his face!

The dead their dusty beds forsaking;
Nature sinking in a blaze!

Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Hark! the herald angels sing?
Hail him, Christians! hail him, Christians!
Yonder is your glorious King.

2 Now behold the shining cong'rors,
Shouting from their dusty beds;
Fly to meet their blessed Saviour,
Glitt'ring crowns upon their heads!

Hear them tell their pleasant story
To the smiling, lovely Lamb!

Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glory is the song they sing.

Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Hark! the Christian armies sing!
Join us, angels, join us, angels;
Help us praise our cong'ring King.

3 Once an infant in a manger,
There the Lord of glory lay;
No place to lay the little stranger,
But among the oxen's hay!

Now he's crowned with a rainbow,
Brighter than a sardine stone:

He comes! he comes! the Christian's hero!
Seated on his great white throne.

Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Hark! the holy armies sing!
Join us, seraphs, join us, seraphs,
Help us praise our cong'ring King.

4 Jesus saved us from temptation,
 Sin and Satan, death and hell;
 And has bought our great salvation—
 Glory to Immanuel!
 Once a bleeding on the mountain,
 There his precious blood did run;
 Now he's brought us to the fountain,
 Springing from his Father's throne.
 Give him glory, give him glory,
 Let all heaven begin to sing;
 Glory, glory, glory, glory,
 Through eternal ages ring.

HYMN 203. P. M.

- 1 WHEN the fierce north wind, with his airy
 forces,
 Rears up the Baltic to a foaming fury,
 And the red lightning with a storm of hail
 comes
 Rushing amain down;
- 2 Now the poor sailors stand amazed and
 tremble,
 While the hoarse thunder, like a bloody trum-
 pet,
 Roars a loud onset to the gaping waters,
 Quick to devour them.
- 3 Such shall the noise be, and the wild dis-
 order,
 If things eternal may be like these earthly;
 Such the dire terror when the great archangel
 Shakes the creation;

4 Tears the strong pillars of the vault of
heaven,

Breaks up old marble, the repose of princes :
See the graves open, and the bones arising !
Flames all around them !

5 Hark ! the shrill outcries of the guilty
wretches ;

Lively bright horror, and amazing anguish,
Stare through their eyeballs, while the living
worm lies

Gnawing within them.

6 Thoughts like old vultures prey upon their
heartstrings,

And the smart twinges, when the eye be-
holds the

Lofty Judge frowning, and a flood of vengeance
Rolling before him.

7 Hopeless immortals, how they scream and
shiver !

[ing,
While devils push them to the pit wide yawn-
Hideous and gloomy, to receive them headlong
Down to the centre.

8 Stop here, my fancy, (all away, ye horrid,
Doleful ideas,) come, arise to Jesus : [him

How he sits Godlike, and the saints around
Throned, yet adoring !

9 Oh may I sit there, when he comes triumph-
ant,

Dooming the nations ! then ascend to glory,
While our hosannas all along the passage
Shout the Redeemer.

HYMN 204. P. M.

- 1 Lo! we see the sign appearing,
Jesus comes the Judge severe,
Hell is trembling, earth is quaking—
Sinners shriek with awful fear!
Come to judgment!
Stand your awful doom to hear.
- 2 See the world in flames now burning,
Hills and mountains fly away;
The moon in blood—the stars all falling;
Comets blazing through the sky.
Thunders rolling!
Sinners now for succour cry.
- 3 From the general conflagration
Mount the righteous upon high!
Gain the hope of their salvation,
Live with God no more to die.
Hallelujah!
Glory to the Lamb they cry.
- 4 Stop, my soul, look back and wonder,
See the wicked left behind—
Hear them crying, weeping, wailing,
For a moment's ease to find.
Doom'd to sorrow!
In the lake of hell confined.

HYMN 205. P. M.

- 1 YE virgin souls arise,
With all the dead awake,
Unto salvation wise,
Oil in your vessels take:

Upstarting at the midnight cry,
Behold your heavenly Father nigh.

2 He comes, he comes, to call
The nations to his bar,
And take to glory all
Who meet for glory are :
Make ready for your full reward,
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

3 Go meet him in the sky,
Your everlasting friend—
Your head to glorify,
With all his saints ascend.
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
To see, without a veil, his face.

4 Ye that have here received
The unction from above,
And in his spirit lived,
And thirsted for his love :
Jesus shall claim you for his bride :
Rejoice with all the sanctified.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope
Of that great day, unknown,
When you shall be caught up
To stand before his throne ;
Call'd to partake the marriage feast,
And lean on your Immanuel's breast.

6 The everlasting doors
Shall soon the saints receive,
With seraphs, thrones, and powers,
In glorious joy to live :

And far from sorrow, pain, and sin,
With God eternally shut in.

7 Then let us wait to hear
The trumpet's welcome sound ;
To see our Lord appear,
May we be watching found !
Enrobed in righteousness divine,
In which the bride shall ever shine.

PASTORAL.

HYMN 206. P. M.

- 1 ONE night, as I lay musing,
The Spirit said to me,
" Go blow the gospel trumpet,
Go sound the jubilee ;
Go tell them I am risen,
And death they need not fear ;
I 've turn'd the awful summons
To a sweet messenger.
- 2 " The harvest fields are blooming,
The labourers are few ;
When Zion she doth languish,
Oh watchmen ! where are you ?
Their blood will cry against you,
If idle you should be :
You see the sword is coming,
Then sound the jubilee.
- 3 " Come, oh my Father's children !
Redeem'd for liberty !

Why stand you here so idle,
 Thus wasting all the day ?
 Remember some are teaching,
 While others preach the word ;
 Go labour in the vineyard,
 I 'll give a sure reward."

4 Come brethren all, and sisters,
 Though but a little band,
 The vict'ry I 'll ensure you,
 Stand fast with sword in hand ;
 Then wield the sword with pleasure,
 The battle goes aright :
 Thus Israel gain'd the vict'ry
 Against the Amalekite.

5 Come, all ye sons of vanity,
 Who are exposed to death,
 Who 've listed under Pharaoh,
 Th' Egyptian king beneath,
 Although you serve with rigour,
 He will not set you free,
 Then hearken to the gospel,
 The sound of jubilee.

6 Come ye who 're bound for Canaan,
 And give me your right hand,
 Who 've turned your backs on Egypt,
 And join'd our little band ;
 I pray you hold out faithful,
 Your crown it will be sure :
 You 'll reign with Christ your Saviour
 In bliss for evermore.

7 How beauteous are the garments,
 The bride of Christ doth wear !

He adorns her with his presence,
 And clothes her with his care :
 He decks her with rich jewels,
 And crowns her with his love ;
 And by his mighty power,
 He 'll bear her safe above.

HYMN 207. P. M.

1 I 'm on my way to Canaan,
 I bid this world farewell :
 Come on, my old companions,
 In spite of earth or hell.
 Lo ! Satan's army rages,
 And all his hosts combine !
 Yet Scripture doth engage for us
 The strength of grace divine.

2 I 'll blow the silver trumpet,
 And on the nations call ;
 For Christ hath me commission'd
 To say he died for all.
 Come try his grace, and prove him,
 You shall the gift obtain ;
 He will not send you empty,
 Nor let you come in vain.

3 And if you want a witness
 Here are some just at hand,
 That have lately felt the sweetness
 Now flowing from that land :
 It comes in copious showers,
 Our bodies can 't contain ;
 It fills our ransom'd powers—
 And now we drink again !

4 The glories of that kingdom

My soul cannot describe ;

I feel it is within me,

I feel the blood applied.

Oh come unto the Saviour's arms,

And you shall feel his love,

'T is sweeter than all other charms,

It comes from heaven above.

5 The glories of that heavenly place

I 've ofttimes felt before,

But what I 've felt is but a taste,

Which makes me look for more.

Had I the pinions of a dove

I 'd fly and be at rest,

Then would I soar to worlds above,

And be for ever blest.

6 My soul looks up and sees him smile,

And then the blessing send,

And I am thinking all the while,

When will this journey end ?

I contemplate it can 't be long

Till he will come again,

Then I shall join that heavenly throng,

And in his kingdom reign.

7 Oh could I join that heavenly throng,

And ne'er return again !

I would not think the season long

That I had suffer'd pain :

When Zion's sons are marching home

Along the heavenly street,

Then I would march along with them,

And bow before his feet.

8 The tallest of those heavenly ones
 Would fail for to describe
 The brightness which the Saviour puts
 Upon his lovely bride.
 Ten thousand years around may roll,
 We have but just begun
 To wear our robes, and glitt'ring crowns,
 Bright shining as the sun

HYMN 208. L. M. 1713

- 1 My brethren, from my heart beloved,
 Whose welfare fills my daily care,
 My present joy, my future crown,
 The word of exhortation hear.
- 2 Stand fast upon the solid rock
 Of the Redeemer's righteousness;
 Adorn the gospel with your lives,
 And practise what your lips profess.
- 3 With pleasure meditate the hour
 When he, descending from the skies,
 Shall bid your bodies, mean and vile,
 In his own glorious image rise.
- 4 Glory in his dear honour'd name,
 To him inviolably cleave:
 Your all he purchased with his blood,
 Nor let him less than all receive.
- 5 Such is your Pastor's faithful charge,
 Whose soul desires not yours, but you:
 Oh may he, at the Lord's right-hand,
 Himself, and all his people view.

HYMN 209. P. M.

1 HERALDS of the King of kings,
Preach the peace the gospel brings ;
Loud extol th' incarnate God,
Preach the virtue of his blood.

2 Celebrate with every breath
Jesu's meritorious death ;
Speak of Jesu's saving name,
Which for ever is the same.

3 And may we in chorus join,
Blessing, praising love divine ;
Never be ashamed to tell
Christ hath saved our souls from hell.

—◆—

MORNING AND EVENING.

HYMN 210. C. M.

Morning.

1 ONCE more the cheering beams of day
Salute my waking eyes ;
Once more with thankful songs I pay
My morning sacrifice.

2 Oh glorious Sun of Righteousness !
Diffuse thy beams divine ;
Let me behold thy lovely face,
And in thine image shine.

3 As the bright orbs that cheer the night
Sink in the solar blaze ;
So may each sensual, vain delight,
In thy refulgent rays.

4 Fain would I raise my morning song,
And praise thy glorious name :
Thy bounteous love inspires my tongue,
Thy mercy is my theme.

5 From thee our night and morning joys
In sweet succession flow :
Each night and morn I 'll raise my voice,
And spread thy praise below.

6 Great Source of light ! indulgent God !
How rich thy mercies are !
Teach me to spread thy name abroad,
And all thy love declare.

7 May thy sweet beams on Zion shine,
The clouds of sin dispel ;
That peace, and love, and life divine,
In every heart may dwell.

8 Let that bright day roll swiftly on,
When Christ shall reign below ;
And all beneath the circling sun
Shall thy salvation know.

9 For this, oh Lord, may ev'ry heart
In constant prayer ascend,
Till all shall see thee as thou art,
And praise thee without end.

10 Keep us, oh Lord, till that great day
 When thou, our Judge, shalt come
 To call our ransom'd souls away
 To their eternal home.

HYMN 211. C. M.

Morning.

- 1 Thy daily mercies, oh my God!
 My waking thoughts employ;
 And while I meditate on thee,
 My heart is fill'd with joy.
- 2 Thou giv'st me rest upon my bed,
 Soft slumbers to my eyes;
 Thy goodness is again renew'd
 When in the morn I rise.
- 3 Throughout the business of the day
 Thine arm doth me uphold;
 Amidst the terrors of the night
 Thy presence makes me bold.
- 4 Whether in sickness or in health
 Thy grace doth me sustain,
 Let me, oh Lord, thy favour have,
 And I shall ne'er complain.
- 5 Aided by thee, I need not fear
 The powers of rich or great;
 Their pomp and wealth I covet not,
 Nor envy all their state.
- 6 Although the fig-tree blossom not,
 Nor vineyard yield increase;

In thee, my Saviour and my God,
To joy I will not cease.

7 Although the world by storms be toss'd,
And crumble into dust;
Yet still in thee, my only hope,
I will securely trust.

HYMN 212. L. M.

Evening.

1 GREAT God, to thee my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise;
Oh let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with joyful praise.

2 My days, unclouded as they pass,
And every gentle rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.

3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of thy love,
Ungrateful, can from thee depart,
And, fond of trifles, vainly rove.

4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Jesus: his dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance at thy throne.

5 Let this blest hope mine eyelids close,
With sleep refresh my weary frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

HYMN 213. L. M.

Evening.

1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light :
Keep me, oh keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thy own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed :
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the final day.

4 Oh let my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close :
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

5 If in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

 FAREWELL HYMNS.

HYMN 214. P. M.

1 FAREWELL, my brethren in the Lord,
The gospel sounds the jubilee ;
My stamm'ring tongue shall sound aloud
From land to land, from sea to sea :

And as I preach from place to place,
I'll trust alone in God's free grace.

2 Farewell! in bonds and union dear,
Like cords you twine about my heart;
I humbly beg your fervent prayer,
Till we do meet no more to part:
Till we do meet in worlds above,
Encircled in eternal love.

3 Farewell, my earthly friends below,
Though all so kind, so dear to me;
My Jesus calls, and I must go,
To sound the gospel jubilee:
To sound the joys, and bear the news,
To Gentile nations and the Jews.

4 Farewell, young people, one and all,
While God shall grant me breath to
breathe,
I'll pray to the Eternal All,
That your dear souls in Christ may live:
That your dear souls prepared may be
To reign in bliss eternally.

5 Farewell to all below the sun;
And as I pass in tears below,
The path is straight, my feet shall run,
And God shall keep me as I go:
My God shall keep me in his hand,
And bring me to the promised land.

6 Farewell, farewell! I look above—
Jesus, my friend, to thee I call;

My joy, my hope, my only love,
 My safeguard hence, my heavenly all :
 My theme to preach, my song to sing ;
 My hope in death, my heavenly King.

HYMN 215. P. M.

1 FAREWELL, my dear brethren, the time is
 at hand

That we must be parted from this social band :
 Our several engagements now call us away ;
 Our parting is needful, and we must obey.

2 Farewell, my dear brethren, farewell for a
 while,

We 'll soon meet again, if kind Providence
 smile :

But when we are parted, and scatter'd abroad,
 Let us pray for each other, and wrestle with
 God.

3 Farewell, faithful soldiers, you 'll soon be
 discharged ;

The war will be ended, your treasures en-
 larged :

With shouting and singing, though Jordan may
 roar,

We 'll enter fair Canaan, and rest evermore.

4 Farewell, ye young converts, who are 'listed
 for war,

Sore trials await you, but Jesus is near :

Although you must travel the dark wilderness,
 Your Captain 's before you, he 'll lead you in
 peace.

5 The world, and the devil, and hell all unite ;
 And bold persecution will try you to fright :
 But Jesus is for you, who 's stronger than they ;
 Let this animate you to march on your way.

6 Farewell, seeking mourners, with sad broken
 heart,

Oh hasten to Jesus, and choose the good part :
 He 's full of compassion, and mighty to save ;
 His arms are extended your souls to receive.

7 Farewell, faithful Christians, farewell all
 around ;

Perhaps we 'll not meet till the trumpet shall
 sound :

To meet you in glory I give you my hand,
 Our Saviour to praise in the heavenly land.

8 Oh glory, oh glory, oh glory to God !
 Redemption we have through our Jesus's
 blood :

I long to be going to meet him above,
 To gaze on his glory, and feast on his love.

HYMN 216. P. M.

1 FAREWELL, my dear brethren, beloved of
 the Lord,

The footsteps of Jesus you 'll find in his word :
 Then follow your Saviour wherever he goes ;
 Stand fast and unshaken whatever oppose.

2 On parting, dear brethren, I give you my
 hand,

In token of friendship, that uniting band :

Although for a while these vile bodies must
part,

Cemented in love, we are still join'd in heart.

3 The time is approaching when Christ shall
appear

In glory, and then all his saints shall meet
there :

No fear then of parting, no grief, no complaint,
Shall ever be heard from the tongue of a saint.

4 But praise and thanksgiving shall be their
employ ;

Their souls always feasting, yet never shall
cloy :

New scenes still unfolding, new joys shall
afford ;

All glory, and honour, and praise to the Lord.

HYMN 217. P. M.

1 FROM whence doth this union arise,
That hatred is conquer'd by love ?
It fastens our souls with such ties,
That distance and time can't remove :
It cannot in Eden be found,
Nor yet in a Paradise lost ;
It grows in Immanuel's ground,
And Jesu's dear blood it did cost.

2 My friends are so dear unto me,
Our souls so united in love ;
Where Jesus is gone we shall be,
In yonder blest mansions above.

Oh why so unwilling to part,
 Since there we shall soon meet again?
 Engraved on Immanuel's heart,
 At a distance we cannot remain.

3 And when we shall see that bright day,
 And join with the angels above;
 Set free from our prison of clay,
 United in Jesus's love :
 With Jesus we ever shall reign,
 And all his bright glory shall see,
 And sing hallelujahs, amen ;
 Amen! even so let it be.

HYMN 218. P. M.

1 Jesus, grant us all a blessing,
 Send it down, Lord, from above;
 May we all go home thus praying,
 And rejoicing in thy love :
 Farewell, brethren; farewell, sisters,
 Till we all shall meet again.

2 Jesus, pardon all our follies,
 Since together we have been ;
 Make us humble, make us holy,
 Cleanse us all from ev'ry sin :
 Farewell, brethren; farewell, sisters,
 Till we all shall meet above.

3 May thy blessing, Lord, go with us
 To each one's respective home ;
 And the presence of our Jesus
 Rest upon us ev'ry one :
 Farewell, brethren; farewell, sisters,
 Till we all shall meet at home.

HYMN 219. P. M.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
 Let us each, thy love possessing
 Triumph in redeeming grace.
 Oh refresh us,
 Trav'ling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
 For thy gospel's joyful sound ;
 May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound.
 May thy presence
 With us evermore be found.

3 So whene'er the signal 's given,
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
 Call'd the summons to obey,
 May we ever
 Reign with thee in endless day.

HYMN 220. C. M.

1 FAREWELL, dear friends, I must begone,
 I have no home or stay with you ;
 I'll take my staff and travel on,
 Till I a better world can view,

*Farewell, farewell, farewell,
 My loving friends, farewell.*

2 Farewell, my friends, time rolls along,
 Nor waits for mortals, care or bliss ;
 I leave you here and travel on
 Till I arrive where Jesus is.

Farewell, &c.

3 Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,
 To you I 'm bound in cords of love ;
 Yet we believe his gracious word,
 That soon we all shall meet above.

Farewell, &c.

4 Farewell, old soldiers of the cross,
 You 've struggled long and hard for
 heaven ;
 You 've counted all things here but dross ;
 Fight on, the crown shall soon be given

Farewell, &c.

5 Farewell, ye blooming sons of God,
 Sore conflicts yet await for you :
 Yet dauntless keep the heavenly road,
 Till Canaan's happy land you view.

*Fight on, fight on, fight on,
 The crown shall soon be given.*

Farewell, poor careless sinners too,
 It grieves my heart to leave you here,
 Eternal vengeance waits for you ;
 O turn, and find salvation near.

*Oh turn, oh turn, oh turn,
 And find salvation near.*

HYMN 221. P. M.

1 WHAT happy children, who follow Jesus
 Into the house of prayer and praise ;
 And join in union, while love increases,
 Resolved this way to spend our days :
 Although we 're hated by the world and Satan
 By the flesh, and such as love not God ;
 Yet happy moments and joyful seasons,
 We oftentimes find on Canaan's road.

2 Since we 've been waiting on lovely Jesus,
We 've felt some strength come from
above :

Our hearts have burned with holy rapture,
We long to be absorbed in love :

Then let us hold fast what is given,
And trust in God for time to come :

Sure we shall find our way to heaven,
So farewell, brethren, we 're going home ;

3 And as we go, let us praise our Jesus,
And pray for those who spurn his grace ;
Lest they should lose love's richest treasure,
And ne'er enjoy his smiling face ;

Now here 's my heart and my best wishes,
In token of my Christian love ;

In hopes with you to praise my Jesus,
So farewell, brethren, we 'll meet above.

HYMN 222. P. M.

1 HAIL the gospel jubilee,
Jesus comes to set us free,
Who for us shed his precious blood,
To raise our fallen souls to God ;
And since the work of suffering 's done,
We 'll glory give to God alone.

Free salvation be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost ;
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let our praises reach the skies.

CHORUS.

*Firm united let us be,
In the bonds of charity;
As a band of brothers joined,
Loving God and all mankind.*

2 Rise ye heralds of the Lord,
Take the breastplate, shield, and sword;
Against the hosts of hell proclaim
A war in Christ's all conqu'ring name:
Nor fear to gain the victory
When for this glorious liberty
You on Jesus Christ depend—
He'll the suffering cause defend;
Place, oh place in him your trust,
He's almighty, wise, and just.

CHORUS.

*Firm united brethren stand,
Firm and undivided band.—
Brethren dear, in Jesus join'd,
Fill'd with all his constant mind.*

3 Sound, the gospel-trumpet sound,
Through the earth's remotest bound;
Let Jesu's name, with loud applause,
Ring through the world his righteous
laws—
He gives and rules in mercy mild,
Believe, and be ye reconciled
To a God of truth and love,
Sending blessings from above;—
Now is the accepted time,
Listen every joyful clime.

CHORUS.

*Hail—the gospel jubilee,
Jesus comes to set us free.
He is come no more to bleed—
Free we then shall be indeed.*

4 Now the sovereign of the sky
 Comes, the troops of hell must fly ;
 He is the rock of ages sure,
 And all who to the end endure,
 A glorious crown of righteousness
 Shall wear in realms of endless bliss :
 There with blood-wash'd throngs above,
 Wond'ring at redeeming love,
 Evermore we 'll shout and sing ;
 Heaven's palace loud shall ring.

CHORUS.

*Firm united, let us go
 On in Jesu's steps below,
 As a band of brothers join'd,
 And eternal glory find.*

HYMN 223. P. M.

1 THE trumpet of God
 Is sounding abroad
 The language of mercy, salvation, through
 blood.

2 Thrice happy are they
 Who hear and obey,
 And share in the blessings of this gospel day.

3 Their anguish and smart,
 And sorrow depart,
 Who find this salvation inscribed on their
 heart.

4 True pleasures abound
 In the rapturous sound,
 And they that have found it have paradise
 found.

5 Our Jesus to know,
 And feel his blood flow,
 'T is life everlasting, 't is heaven below.

6 This blessing be mine
 Through favour divine ;
 But, oh my Redeemer, the glory be thine.

HYMN 224. P. M.

1 SOMETIMES a light surprises
 The Christian while he sings
 It is the Lord who rises
 With healing on his wings :
 When comforts are declining,
 He grants the soul again
 A season of clear shining,
 To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation
 We sweetly then pursue
 The theme of God's salvation,
 And find it ever new :
 Set free from present sorrow,
 We cheerfully can say,
 E'en let th' unknown to-morrow
 Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing
 But he can bear us through :
 Who gives the lilies clothing,
 Will clothe his people too :
 Beneath the spreading heavens
 No creature but is fed ;
 And he who feeds the ravens
 Will give his children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
 Their wonted fruit shall bear ;
 Though all the fields should wither,
 Nor flocks nor herds be there :
 Yet God the same abiding,
 His praise shall tune my voice ;
 For while in him confiding,
 I cannot but rejoice.

HYMN 225. P. M.

1 WHY shrinks my weak nature? ah! what
 can it mean?
 Why flutters my heart, which till now was
 serene?
 Why ling'ring and trembling, while glory's so
 near?
 Or whence the enchantment that fetters me
 here?

2 Thou world of illusions, for ever adieu!
 Your phantoms unhallow'd recede from my
 view;
 New worlds and new wonders my passions
 invite,
 And glories ineffable dawn in my sight.

3 Hail, visions celestial, and thou divine
 Source
 Of life, hope, and glory; if e'er in my course
 Thy grace hath renew'd and made perfect my
 heart,
 Now let me in peace and in triumph depart.

4 'T is done! lo, they come! bright celestials
descend;

Saints, angels, and seraphs, their symphonies
lend:

The spheres are all vocal, the raptures draw
near,

Impartial vibrations resound in my ear.

5 Cease! cease then, fond nature; oh! cease
then thy strife,

And let me now languish and die into life:

Blest powers receive me; I mount on your
wing;

Oh grave, where's thy vict'ry? oh death,
where's thy sting?

HYMN 226. P. M.

1 OH Jesus, the donor of all we enjoy,
Our lives to thine honour we wish to employ:
With praises unceasing we'll sing of thy name;
Thy goodness increasing, thy love we'll
proclaim.

2 With joy we remember the dawn of that day,
When, cold as December, in darkness we lay;
The sweet invitation we heard with surprise,
And witness'd salvation to flow from the skies.

3 The wonderful name of our Jesus we'll sing,
And publish the name of our Captain and King:
With sweet exultation his goodness we prove;
His name is salvation, his nature is love.

4 We now are enlisted in Jesus's cause,
Divinely assisted to conquer our foes:

His grace will support us till conflicts are o'er,
He then will escort us to Zion's bright shore.

5 And when to the regions of glory we rise,
And join the bright legions, and shout through
the skies ;

We'll tell the glad story of Jesus's grace,
And give him the glory, the honour, and praise.

6 In this blest employment our spirits shall rest
In sweetest enjoyment on Jesus's breast ;
To drink of the streams of Immanuel's love,
And bask in the beams of his glory above.

HYMN 227. P. M.

1 BEFORE Elisha's gate
The Syrian leper stood ;
But could not brook to wait,
He deem'd himself too good :
He thought the prophet would attend,
And not to him a message send.

2 " Have I this journey come,
And will he not be seen ?
I were as well at home,
Would washing make me clean :
Why must I wash in Jordan's flood ?
Damascus' rivers are as good."

3 Thus by his foolish pride
He almost miss'd a cure ;
But yet at length he tried,
And found the method sure :
Soon as his pride was brought to yield,
His leprosy was quickly heal'd.

4 Leprous and proud as he,
 To Jesus thus I came,
 From sin to set me free,
 When first I heard his fame :
 Surely, thought I, my pompous train
 Of vows and tears will notice gain.

5 My heart devised the way
 Which I supposed he 'd take ;
 And when I found delay,
 Was ready to go back :
 Had he some painful task enjoin'd,
 I to performance seem'd inclined.

6 When by his word he spake,
 " That fountain open'd see ;
 'T was open'd for thy sake ;
 Go wash, and thou art free :"
 Oh ! how did my proud heart gainsay,
 I fear'd to trust this simple way.

7 At length I trial made,
 When I had much endured ;
 The message I obey'd ;
 I wash'd, and I was cured :
 Sinners, this healing fountain try,
 Which cleansed a wretch so vile as I.

HYMN 228. C. M.

1 POOR sinners ! little do they think
 With whom they have to do !
 But stand securely on the brink
 Of everlasting wo.

- 2 Belshazzar, thus profanely bold,
 The Lord of hosts defied;
 But vengeance soon his boast controll'd,
 And humbled all his pride.
- 3 He saw a hand upon the wall,
 (And trembled on his throne,)
 Which wrote his sudden, dreadful fall,
 In characters unknown.
- 4 Why should he tremble at the view
 Of what he could not read?
 Foreboding conscience quickly knew
 His ruin was decreed.
- 5 See him o'erwhelm'd with deep distress;
 His eyes with anguish roll;
 His looks and loosen'd joints express
 The terrors of his soul.
- 6 His pomp and music, guests and wine,
 No more delight afford:
 Oh sinner, ere this case be thine,
 Begin to seek the Lord.
- 7 The law, like this handwriting, stands,
 And speaks the wrath of God;
 But Jesus answers its demands,
 And cancels it with blood.

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